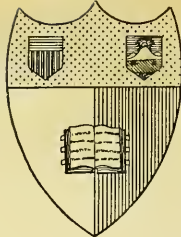


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SHIAN LODGE,
PENZANCE.

8th January 1886

Dear Sir

Please pardon me
for not answering your
letter of the 30. before.

but the so called festivities
& enjoyments incident
to this season, have been
unusually severe this
year, and my letters
have fallen somewhat
into arrear.

I have given instructions

that a copy of John Cairn's
Letters should be sent to
you and I beg that you
will do me the favor
to accept it.

As you will see in the
few lines I have written
at the commencement of
the volume the letters were
brings-together more that
I might preserve a picture
of my great uncle, than
for their own intrinsic
merit. For although some
of the letters are of great

interest in themselves; others
again are of no interest except
from the genealogist's point of
view as pointing the way.
Dr Johnson's objection to being
painted as 'blinking Sam'
always appeared to me a
little piece of vanity on
that great man's part.
Posterity does not want
a pretty picture but a
true one; and this
John Burns' letters do I
think exhibit

I am

very truly yours

Isaac Carmichael

Wintersville

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JOHN CARNE

LETTERS 1813-1837



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DEDICATION.

TO ISOBEL EMILY ROSS.

DEAREST EMILY,

Though all enlightened people are agreed, more or less, as to the propriety of acquiring, at any rate, a general knowledge of the history of their own countries, very few are to be found who trouble themselves to acquire any knowledge whatever of the lives and actions of the members of their own families.

There are not, of course, wanting those

who are able to trace back their family names, link by link, through many centuries. But of those links themselves, they have little care, and perhaps little or no knowledge.

The fact that these connecting links were living men and women—that they were not only that, but that we, their descendants, are very bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh—and that we, who are now living, are, in great part, but the sum of the sufferings, the sins and the heroisms of the generations that have gone before,—all this appears to be quite forgotten, or never even to have been at all realised, by most people. Genealogy is generally looked upon as a foolish fancy, unworthy the notice of a

wise man : and those who pursue its study are regarded either as vain persons, and endeavouring to aggrandise their own names ; or, at best, as somewhat eccentric, but, on the whole, harmless drudges.

Is it possible to conceive any opinion more absurd ? For how can it add to the lustre of any man's life, that he is able to point to a certain name, in a certain age, and say, ' From the man who bore that name, I am descended,' if he knows nothing of the man, of whom that name is but the symbol or the sign ?

The study of Genealogy appears to me to have both a nobler and a wiser aim.

We are all hurrying through time, ineffectually attempting to do this, or that,

but with little leisure to do anything thoroughly. Day after day, we laboriously employ our hands, our brains, our hearts, but our eager feet ever urge us, with inexorable certainty, towards the margin of an unknown sea, whose shore is strewn, thick as a beach with shells, with the works that have employed the daring heart, the teeming brain, the straining hand, but which have all, be it with tears or thanksgiving, been flung aside, at the verge of that abyss into which each one of us must, sooner or later, headlong plunge.

And as, for one last moment, we linger on the brink, and gaze into the darkness, out of it spring myriad phantom forms,

that wave us to our appointed places in their ranks.

The forms—nay, even the very names—of most of them, are unknown to us. And, when we should rejoice to meet those whose thoughts and actions in the past have so strongly biassed our characters in the present, and who love us, and for so long have waited for us, we, from their outstretched arms, start back, in horror and despair, for we do not know them. We had never thought of them in all our lives; we had put them away into holes in the earth, had stampt them down, and thrown stones over them, and had troubled ourselves no further about them.

Surely the study of Genealogy is instinct

with pathetic interest for us, who emerge from a cloudy past, and hasten onwards towards a mysterious To be; and know that, for the most part, we are but the Nemesis, or at any rate the outcome, of countless toilers in the days that have gone by.

Is it not then reasonable, that we should preserve, with almost sacred care, any family record of past scenes and years, by which we may gain some knowledge of what manner of men we derive our being from? Their faults and failings should especially impress us, so that we may learn to avoid, or at any rate walk with care over, those places where they fell.

Such is my apology, if any is needed, for

the study of Genealogy—not a mere succession of dead names, but a panorama of living men and women.

The following letters of John Carne I have therefore brought together, not only for the intrinsic interest that many of them possess, but that I might present our family with a memorial of a man of whom we ought, all of us, to be proud. But, alas, though it is barely forty years since he died, his name, which should be cherished amongst us, is either forgotten, or remembered with a somewhat pitying contempt.

To your care in preserving, for many years, the greater part of the following letters, we owe our opportunity of gain-

ing a better knowledge of John Carne ;
and for that, and for many other reasons,
I desire to preface these pages with your
dear name.

JOSEPH CARNE ROSS.

SHIAN, PENZANCE,

June 1885.

INTRODUCTION.

JOHN CARNE, fourth son of William Carne and Anna Cock, was born at Truro on the 18th June 1789. Most likely his earliest schooling was obtained at Truro; but afterwards, in common with his brothers, he probably was sent to Keysham, near Bristol, a school of some note amongst the Wesleyan Methodists; of which Society, both his father and mother were devout members.

Very little concerning John's early life is now ascertainable.

He appears to have kept some terms at Cambridge, both in 1813 and in 1824-25.

How long he resided at College in 1813, and why he left, is not clear; and that he was at Cambridge at all, at this period of his life, only became known to us, when, by a fortunate accident, we discovered in the British Museum his two letters to Henry Boase.

Before the time of his travels, there seem to be some faint traditions, which tend to show that John attempted to be a man of business. There is a story, that, on one occasion, he was sent from his father's bank, with a sum of money to pay into a bank at Truro. On his return to Penzance, his father, not unnaturally, asked for the Truro banker's receipt. There was no receipt! All recollection, even, of the money, had vanished from John's mind for the time. He soon, however, remembered about the money. He had put it into the pocket of his greatcoat; and he had put up at the Red Lion Inn; and in the coffee-room of the inn he had met a stranger,

whose conversation had greatly delighted him, so much so, that they had sat up quite late conversing on many subjects. The weather had been warm next day, so that he had not wanted a greatcoat, and in fact, now that he came to think of it, he did not at all know where his greatcoat was. An express was, at once, sent off to Truro, and the greatcoat, with the money safe in the pocket, was found, hanging up on a peg, in the coffee-room of the Red Lion.

The kindness and generosity that William Carne ever manifested towards his son, is extremely touching. Especially is it so, if we consider the characters of the two men.

The masterful indomitable energy and practical common sense of the father, must have been peculiarly and perpetually irritated and outraged, by the unreasoning hope and childish eagerness with which John rushed into every undertaking ; by his entire incapacity of balancing probabilities,

and the hopeless divergence between things as he saw them and as they really were. And yet, in spite of all these irritations, William seems early to have recognised that, though John had no business capacity, he had, nevertheless, mental endowments of a high order.

In fact no higher testimony to the sagacity of William Carne's mind, or to the excellence of his heart, could anywhere be found, than is unconsciously set before us in these letters of his son.

After the publication of *Letters from the East*, their author became acquainted with many persons of high literary position; amongst others, Walter Scott sought his friendship, and invited him to stay at Abbotsford. Scott was, at the time, engaged in writing *The Talisman*, and John Carne rendered him valuable assistance, in picturing to him the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea and Engedi. Scott, however, never acknowledged in any way, except verbally, his

obligation. And the mother of the present editor is perhaps the only person now living who is aware that such an obligation ever existed. She well remembers her uncle receiving a copy of *The Talisman* from Sir Walter Scott; and, whilst looking through its pages here and there, he would stop, and say, ‘I described this place to him whilst I was at Abbotsford.’

John’s marriage was unfortunate; for Miss Ellen Lane, who, about the year 1825, became his wife, was an extremely vulgar woman. He appears nevertheless to have been attached to her.

His tenure of office in the Anglican Church was of short duration; and during the latter years of his life he even dropped the style of Reverend, and in these days he became, we believe, a class-leader amongst the Methodists. Loss of the sight of one eye, and infirm health, rendered him prematurely an old man, and he died at the Abbey,

Penzance, on the 18th April 1844, leaving no issue.

Christopher North, in speaking of him, many years ago, said, ‘Mr. Carne was the most wonderful story-teller I ever listened to.’ And all who knew him speak of this singular gift of his. Our friend, Mr. Thomas Bodilly, has told us, that he remembers, when a boy, being taken to some public breakfast, the object or cause for which is now quite blank; but, through the mist of years, the figure and gentle face of an old man stand out clear and distinct, and, through the cloven past, he yet seems to hear a faint echo of a musical voice, as John Carne relates, to the shadows around him, his journey to the Field of Blood.

There is little more to add. Let the following letters speak for one whose great talents were yet not sufficient to atone for his entire want of tact; and whose abilities and fine literary instinct

were yet hardly sufficient to overbalance an apparently congenital indolence.

Instead of wondering that with such abilities he did so little, there is perhaps more reason to admire the energy that so far overcame his natural indolence, as to enable him to complete as much real work as remains to us.

It is our province, however, to depict the man as he was, and not to judge him.

We have, in the following letters, suppressed nothing, except a few details concerning the health of different members of the Carne family. We have not thought it right to suppress any passages although they may portray to us the darker and poorer side of the picture, and show us an indolent, tactless, somewhat-out-at-elbows-and-on-the-whole-unsuccessful man of letters. But, happily also, these letters show us a brighter side, which has been nearly forgotten by his family, whilst the darker side has been too much

remembered. If not for poor John's sake, then for Heaven's sake, let us turn to the brighter side of the picture ; and there we shall see before us a cultivated, gentle, genial, guileless man incapable of falsehood—of poetic feeling, and noble aspirations, and who never wittingly injured any human being even in thought.

Wenn du im Land der Träume dich verweilet,
Versetzt der Gott, so hadre nicht mit mir.
Wo warst du denn, als man die Welt getheilet ?
Ich war, sprach der Poet, bei dir.

Mein Auge hing an deinem Angesichte,
An deines Himmels Harmonie mein Ohr ;
Verzeih dem Geiste, der, von deinem Lichte
Berauscht, das Irdische verlor !

Was thun? spricht Zeus,—die Welt ist weggegeben,
Der Herbst, die Jagd, der Markt ist nicht mehr mein.
Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen sein.

SCHILLER.

LETTER I.

TO HENRY BOASE.

Written from Queens' College, Cambridge, 23d March 1813.

[This letter was found in the British Museum.]

QUEENS' COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE, 23d March 1813.

DEAR SIR,—I have many times intended taking up my pen ere this, to give you an account of my situation, etc., but from some cause or other I have as often delayed it, for which I must now request your kind indulgence, and will endeavour to make amends for my negligence. Since my first residing here, I have acquired a pretty good acquaintance with College life ; and have made a tolerable trial of its agreeables and disagreeables, which are indeed only to be known on the spot ; for many of the notions we form of it, in our quarter of the world, are very erroneous. Indeed, a College appears to me a place where a man may live all his days, forgetting the world and forgotten

by the world, with little to disturb his quiet, or to vary the monotony of his existence. And men coming here pretty early in life, and growing attached, from habit, to the way of living, and getting, many of them, fellowships, in general feel a reluctance to quit it, and remain here like idle drones, as useless and as musty almost as the old volumes that lie on their shelves. For, in fact, they are rid of all care as to those objects which mankind are in general most anxious about. They have an income of between one and two hundred a year, good lodgings, a table sumptuously furnished, exempt from all rent and taxes, without even their servants to pay. Dr. Johnson, I think, said that the chief concern of a poet or literary man was to provide himself a good dinner ; but our Fellows have no occasion to disturb their brains about that, for they certainly eat the fat of the land ; and I think if the Spartan fashion was introduced among them, the Church would be better provided with hands, and its interests more advanced, for few curacies would enable them to fare so well as a College table does. So here, secluded from the world, and ignorant in a great measure of it, mixing with hardly any society but their own brethren of the

gown, the generality of them pass their lives ; and the offer of a good church, or an advantageous situation, is often not sufficient to allure them from their beloved College walls, and their literary solitude. You may suppose that among so many bachelors there will be many eccentricities, and that in their moments of relaxation, the reverend garb is not always a faithful symbol of the gravity of the wearer. Indeed the University is not a place to come to, to increase sentiments of respect and veneration for the Church ; the black gown sadly fades upon a nearer inspection. Some of our Fellows, and some of them serious men, the other day were amusing themselves in the grove at the decorous sport of firing at one of their hats, which was put up for a mark to try their skill at ; and I fancy if they had not shown more in hitting off their problems, they would not have got a Fellow's hat to stick up. And in many of the Colleges eating and drinking seem to be their chief employment, and after dinner retiring to the combination room, where the limits of temperance are too often forgotten. I really do not think that they live (if I may use the expression) happy lives ; there is such a continued sameness in their life,

such an absence of every object to gain their affections, of all ties of social or family endearment, of every stimulus to call forth their industry or to excite their ambition, that they appear to vegetate rather than to live to any useful purpose ; and it is to be feared their minds, too frequently filled with the pride of learning and uninfluenced by most human objects of love, hope, or fear, grow callous also to the inspiring prospects and promises of that sacred volume they so often unfold, and are but too insensible to the humble and melting doctrines of its blessed Author. And yet we have several serious men among the Fellows in our College, and it is a pity but they showed more zeal in the cause of their establishment, for she wants all her props, I imagine, to stay her up. Mandell, the classical tutor, is, I believe, a really pious man, and has been a curate in one or two places, and most probably a useful one, but the prospect of a good living, to be in the Master's gift, and which it is supposed he will have as soon as the old incumbent dies, may keep him for many years in his present situation. Our master, Dr. Milner, is a man of extraordinary talents, but they are buried in a great measure by

reason of his indolence, which, in charity, may be imputed perhaps to his size, for he is grown so amazingly large that few pulpits can admit him, and I have heard that the last time he preached in his deanery at Carlisle they were obliged to take down some part of the pulpit to let him in. He has high reputation as a preacher, and sometimes favours us with a sermon in our little chapel ; on the occasion of administering sacrament, etc. But the good man is apt to forget himself sometimes ; for in preaching one of his old Carlisle sermons, and discoursing on the duties of the Sabbath, he told them they must not keep their shops open on a Sunday, which you may suppose the College-men were not much edified by. With respect to the degrees of learning in the University the highest is that of Senior Wrangler, which is conferred every year. Next to this is the 2-3 Wranglers, and so lower in gradation to the 16th or 17th. It is really surprising how much men will labour here to get a good honours or degree. The quantum of misery suffered in Cambridge from literary ambition must be great indeed, when we consider the excessive application of many to studies which they really have an aversion for, and

the cutting disappointments which they often meet with when a rival outdoes them and carries off the honour which was perhaps the object of their severe exertions ; and, what is often the case, when many of them, instead of mounting to the summit where their fond hopes had placed them, are obliged to take up with a more humble station, where the breath of applause can hardly reach them. The time of the crisis is when the yearly examination takes place at Christmas, when they take their degrees, and then what tears are shed ! what self-upbraidings, what fruitless lamentations ! As a specimen of this, I will give you a scene which took place some time ago at our College. At the examination, previous to going to the Senate-house, three of the men were rated much lower than they expected, which of course would materially affect the degrees they took. One of the tutors, going into the room where they were, found one of them leaning on the table striking his head with his hand, another walking about the room stamping and swearing, and the third in a corner praying ! Some have taken occasion to speak slightly of Methodism, on account of the low origin of most of the preachers ; but

really, if they look at the University, they will find that many of its greatest ornaments, and of the Church also, have sprung of low origin, if this is any drawback to a man. Our Master, Dr. Milner, was only a weaver ; our two public orators one would suppose from their manners to have risen from obscurity ; and when it is considered that in general the Colleges prefer electing to fellowships and preferments, those who are really in want of them, to those who can afford to do without them, it might be reckoned that most of the Fellows, etc., have come from inferior conditions. The examination at the Senate-house for the higher degrees, honours, etc., occupies about a week, in which candidates have problems, etc., and difficult questions given them to work out, and at present those who have acquired the greatest variety of knowledge (in mathematics) are the most successful. The system of education pursued now at Cambridge is acknowledged, by many of its warmest admirers, to be very injurious. It consists, to use a University term, in cramming for the Senate-house ; that is, in getting up their studies so as most to show off there, by committing to memory as large a quantity as possible, instead

of properly digesting and arranging them, and pursuing a more curtailed but more lastingly advantageous plan. One would suppose that at the University, in the distribution of honours and degrees, perfect impartiality would be shown, and that literary merit would always meet with a fair estimate and recompense. But this is often far from being the case. The examiners and the arbiters are sometimes shamefully influenced by partialities. It is said that one of the candidates for the last Senior Wranglership was informed beforehand of the course of questions to be put. In our College they say they would rather give a prize to a Simeonite than another, which partiality I will not blame, and do not think it is much followed in the other Colleges. With regard to the different merits of the two Universities, that is of course a question which you are not likely to get fairly answered at either of them ; the Oxford men, priding themselves on their superior elegance and accomplishments, laugh at Cambridge Cantabs ; the Cambridge men, on the other hand, being persuaded that a knowledge of living arts and sciences is better than to be able to read dead languages well, and to solve a knotty problem more useful

than to be enraptured with the beauty of some exquisite passage in some ancient author, ridicule the refined classic taste of the Oxonians—*ellegantiosimas (sic)*, and verbal criticism ! It is singular that each University should excel the other in that part in which one would imagine it would be much its inferior. Now Cambridge has produced more than one, I believe, of such most superior classics, as to outdo even Oxford ; while the latter, though not to be compared with Cambridge as to the prevalence of piety, sends out, I have heard, most useful preachers. Porson, the famous Græcian, confessedly without a rival at either of the Universities, was educated here—yet wonderful as were the talents of this great scholar, it is certain that he accomplished very little : and that his life was passed without any very considerable benefit to the cause of learning. He was such a confirmed drunkard, that his application was probably very inconstant, and often transitory. He would drink whatever was put on the table ; when the wine was done he would drink beer, and when there was no more of that, he would pour down cold water ; his moments of intoxication, they say, were those in

which his brilliant genius was most conspicuous ; and he died in the prime of his years a martyr to his passion for drinking. You will expect me, no doubt, to say something of the state of religion in this University. I believe it may come up to what is said of it in Cornwall. I was told that about sixty serious young men attended Mr. Simeon's preaching, and I should think full that number and more were in the habit . . . ¹ probably estimate a hundred men seriously inclined, in the University, and greatly . . . ¹ of real established piety. But in such a place as this you cannot . . . ¹ you can in any separate religious body. There are so many different . . . ¹ of serious to be observed here. Now the custom is to class all Simeonites as serious men ; now there are some in Queens' of this stamp, who mix with the gay men, are fond of promoting a joke or any gaiety, and merriment at any time. Others again do not go to this extreme, yet in their conduct great levity is observable ; and I have been surprized in company, on Sunday, with some serious men, not to hear a word about religion, but all their conversation on topics wholly foreign to it. There

¹ MS. torn.

were two of our serious men (at least regarded so here) went to comfort another serious man, a month or two ago, who had taken to his bed because he was not classed so high as he expected. So in order to comfort him, one of them proposed to the other to sing a song, which was complied with. Now we Methodists shrug up our shoulders at this, [accustomed as] we have been to serious manners and serious faces. But it seems to be the way with many of the serious men here to amalgamate, if I may use the expression, as little of their piety with their conversation and behaviour as possible; and in looking round our hall-table, the freshmen's, I see only one face which bears lineaments to which I have been accustomed, and which cannot be mistaken, that of my good friend the local preacher. But still let me do justice to Queens'; I do think it fully answers to the character which it has acquired of a serious College. There are many men of genuine undoubted piety in it, and when you can estimate that out of about thirty undergraduates, there may be about half of them really (if it becomes me indeed to judge thus of the righteousness of others) serious men, and that the

remainder possess different degrees of seriousness and piety, but are all perhaps in a way of increasing it—being all, except four or five gay men (who are not included in the above number), attendants on Mr. Simeon—we must allow, that too high a report has not been given of it. But there are a few among the serious men whom I must particularly mention. There is the young Yorkshireman, whom I have mentioned above, and who is my greatest intimate. He is a man of real piety and zeal for the cause of God; in so much, that I think he will go out by-and-by as a travelling preacher. He is an only son, and his father possesses very large property. There is another young man of deep piety, who has been a Methodist, but has lost his attachment to it; his father is a class leader, and a man of large fortune. There are two fellow commoners also, eminently pious men; one of them is worth about a thousand a year, great part of which he gives away to charitable purposes. And he, too, is attached to the Methodists; he knows several of the preachers, and talks about going to the next Conference. But the other fellow commoner is, I do believe, ‘the Salt of the Earth.’ He is an afflicted, but most

excellent man. The young graduates often go to him when they want some passage, etc., in the Scripture to be explained, for he is a man of deep experience and acquaintance with the Scripture; and his manner of reading and commenting on a chapter is, I have understood, most profitable. You very well know, I daresay, the manner of Mr. Simeon's preaching; simplicity and earnestness appear to me to be its chief characteristics. According to my imperfect judgment, he is not to be ranked as what we call a first-rate preacher; he is not eloquent, nor does he display, perhaps, any very superior talents, in the pulpit; but in respect of a knowledge in spiritual things, and deep experience in the Word of God, and the useful application he has made of it, I should not suppose him inferior to any minister in the kingdom, and perhaps superior to most. Was it not for him Cambridge would indeed be a wilderness to serious men, for there is hardly any other place where much profit is to be had. At St. Mary's, the University church, we are miserably off with respect to Evangelical preaching. The stated minister is a poor stick, although there is sometimes a good discourse from an occasional minister.

Simeon's church is generally crowded of a Sunday evening, while the others are in general, I believe, but scantily attended. With respect to a College life, I think, upon the whole, that it is a pretty agreeable one ; it is hard if, among so many men, one cannot find some pleasant society ; and what with pleasant associates, a great deal of gaiety, and frequent parties, many men will tell you it is the happiest part of life. There is a great deal of profligacy carried on here ; the degrees of this differ of course in various Colleges. Some have a more licentious character than others, but dissipation seems to be the order of the day with most of the young men of fortune. With regard to ordering the day, etc., we assemble in chapel in the morning at seven, in term time, and soon after five in the evening, and freshmen must go nine times a week, which is rather too often.

The lectures occupy about three hours in the morning, and we dine at half-past two in general ; tea after chapel, and supper about nine. The most frequent parties among us are tea parties ; indeed Queens' is called the tea-drinking College. The country about Cambridge is one of the most dreary and uninteresting I ever saw, almost an

entire flat, which makes the eye desire sometimes to gaze on the most wild and rugged country, or the bleakest hills, in preference to such a scene. But what is not the least remarkable thing is, the rapidity with which time flies away at College : it is a remark often made here, and it seems to be owing to the continued sameness of the life ; week after week glides on, with nothing scarcely to mark it, or to impress it on your memory, and on looking back you are hardly aware of its passage. But if there is any event which you can easily recollect, or to which you can refer back, it seems as if there was a length of time elapsed, but almost all the intermediate space appears vanished, with hardly any traces of it. My paper is just finished, so I must draw to a conclusion. I hope by this time you are quite settled in your new habitation, and that the air of Penzance continues to agree with your health. I expect to see its dear scenes again soon, for I intend coming home at or before the Easter vacation, and will thank you to give me a credit with Foster, in order to pay my bills for the term, etc., perhaps £60 or £70 ; I am not certain I shall want so much. Please give my respects to Mrs. and Miss Boase, and my affectionate love to

all at home, my kindest love also to your brother,
Mr. J. B.—Believe me, dear sir, yours, etc.,

JOHN CARNE.

The vacation commences the . . . April, but
as I am in my non-ends and had a residence . . .
ably before the beginning of the term, I am quite
at liberty to . . . as soon as I please; I may set
off next Monday.

HENRY BOASE, Esq.,

Penzance.

LETTER II.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 26th March 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,—My time in London has
passed very agreeably, more so even than I had
expected. But you will not perhaps be so much
pleased to hear that my residence here has been
the means of bringing my long cherished designs
of travelling to an accomplishment. You know
how dear they were to me, and how hard it was

to banish them. And here, where every facility is offered for going to any part of the world, and assisted by a man who stands perhaps as high in your esteem as any one alive, blame me not too harshly, accuse me not too hastily, if I now embark with delight to visit those countries I have so much long desired to see. . . . I know that it is contrary to your will, but my case would have been utterly hopeless had I asked your consent, or unfolded to you my plan. And was not the plan to which you would have bound me too rigid, too severe, ever to have been complied with?—to go to Switzerland, and gaze from the Alps on the lovely valleys of Italy, and never to be permitted to visit them, or to set foot in Greece! You required my solemn promise to this effect; I could not give it: the probable consequence might have been, to have brought remorse on my own mind by breaking it. Such a condition would have been more tantalizing than that of Rasselas in the happy valley; for of the world without he knew but little; but my heart and imagination have dwelt so long and so fondly on those lands, that, to sign a contract never to behold them, was a sacrifice beyond my power. Dr. Clarke, who was in London during

my first week or two's stay, has been a warm friend in aiding my enterprise ; he did not consider me, I believe, as acting very much contrary to Providence, but dwelt with animation on my intended travels. I told him several days before he left London, that my design was without your knowledge, but he did not anathematise me. I have taken my passage in a Smyrna ship, that sails to-morrow morning, the 27th, from Gravesend : then spare the language of reproach and unkindness, my dear father, when I am gone, and consider what pleasure, what enjoyment I am going to enter upon. This, you will say, is a flattering anticipation, and that there is danger and hardship to be endured also. This there may be, though far less than you suppose. But I have not engaged in such a journey lightly, to shrink beneath its difficulties ; you will find that I shall bear them whatever they may be, and firmly too. But I have been fortunate in meeting with a companion ; it is a nephew of Dr. Clarke's—Edward Clarke, a very amiable and intrepid young man, whom the Doctor warmly recommended to me, for he could not bear the thought of my going alone. This will not perhaps greatly increase my expense, except in the

passage money out; for having him with me, it will save the expense of a servant, as he is strong and active, and we can pitch our own tent, and boil our pot, for the servants in the East are not always to be trusted. The only attendant, or third person, we shall require, except on a very rare occasion, will be one who will serve both as guide and interpreter. The European languages would avail us but little in the interior, where we shall almost immediately advance; and I know French enough for all our purposes, and even to hold a conversation with what foreigners we may need to converse with, or with an interpreter. . . . The Rev. Mr. Jowett, the chief-director of the Church Mission abroad, who has travelled in the East, and with whom I spent an evening, told me the expense of travelling there would be about £500 a year. Now let the amount of my expenses be taken from the property you have allotted for me. Hitherto, I believe, I have cost you less than any of my brothers. And suppose I was to stay at home and marry, the first year's expenses of living, furnishing a house, etc., might be near the amount of what these travels will cost me. It appears to me but fair: you would cheerfully allow me the

money for the latter plan ; but because I do not choose this, but rather to spend some time in seeing various countries, their manners, and scenery and people, you would cut me off from any supply.

Then my travels shall be my bride, and a lovelier one was never ; should a frown gather there for a time, it shall soon give place to some dear and, till then, undiscovered beauty. Do not fear I shall be profuse ; I know I am careless, but my companion will be my check and economist, and we must be careful to spare every useless expense. I have been fortunate in procuring excellent letters of introduction, partly through Dr. Clarke, and partly through other channels. Indeed, several have taken a warm interest in my journey. In the first place is a letter from Dr. Clarke to Mr. Salt, Consul-General for Egypt ; Do. from Mr. Jowett to do. ; Do. from do. to Mr. Conner, Constantinople, whose diary, in the *Missionary Register*, through the East was so interesting ; Do. from Mr. Jowett to P. Lee, Esq., Consul at Alexandria ; Do. do. to Fras. Werry, Esq., do. at Smyrna ; Do. do. to John Barker, Esq., Consul at Aleppo ; a letter from Lord Teignmouth to Lord Strangford, our Ambassador at Constantinople ; a letter also

from Mr. Allen to Lord Strangford; Do. do. to Lady Hester Stanhope; Do. for Claudius Rich, Esq., author of works on the ruins of Babylon; Do. from Mr. Owen to Rev. Mr. Leeves, Constantinople; Do. from do. to Jn. Barker, Esq., Consul at Aleppo; besides many other letters to various merchants in different parts. Besides, I have some commissions to execute—from Mr. Allen of the African Institution, the object of which is to extend the system of education and religious instruction as far as possible. I am to make particular inquiries in Smyrna and the East, into the state of the people in these respects, and how far their establishments may be formed there, and to send him information; some of their papers I carry with me. Also from Mr. Miller, on account of the British and Foreign School Society, I carry a good many documents and another letter to Lady H. Stanhope. I rather think there will be something to do for the British and Foreign Bible Society, probably in Mr. Owen's letters. The Methodist Mission Society have also requested me to inquire out a favourable opening for them, as Mr. Watson has drawn out a paper on the subject. The vessel puts in, I believe, for some days at Constantinople,

which will be fortunate for me. Be assured I shall write home as often as any facilities offer, by the first opportunity after my arrival. It will be indeed one of my chief pleasures to tell you of all I see and enjoy, for I cannot but think you will feel an intense interest in what I may pass through. The thoughts of my family will be sweet to me, when far away, and I know it will calm my dear mother's uneasiness that I have an agreeable and faithful companion with me. I will hope that I am not entirely out of the way of Providence, as there may certainly be scenes to pass through when my hope and comfort must come from above.

And do not forget to write to me often, and direct for me either to:—

Fras. Werry, Esq., Consul at Smyrna.

or John Barker, Esq., Consul at Aleppo.

or Henry Salt, Esq., Consul at Cairo.

The two former, it is likely, will reach me soonest. Should I not be on the spot at the time the letters come, it is easy for me to give directions to have them forwarded after me. Should I have letters for the Archbishop of Jerusalem and the convents in Syria, which is most probable, from Mr. Conner, it will greatly lessen the expense of

travelling, through their hospitality ; and when we reside at times, as we shall do, for days or even weeks in some parts or cities, the expense of living in the East is comparatively trifling. Now I have been obliged to take some money with me, you would not wish me to go penniless, and it is what I should not have chosen to do under other circumstances. It is all drawn on your account, which you will please to put to mine. The expense of the outfit, from the variety of articles necessary to take, has been considerable, and the passage money, though very reasonable, has helped to reduce the sum. From Mr. Dennis's House I was supplied with £400, which might have been doubled had I chosen ; from Messrs. Terrell and Co. something in addition, though it might have been just what I wished. The chief part of my credit on Lubbock's, and much more besides, was eaten up by the outfit and passage money. You know James had part of the sum credited with Lubbock's. However, about £500 has been vested with Herries, Farquhar and Co., bankers, St. James' Street, who have long established an admirable system of accommodation for travellers at not much expense, through most of the chief

cities of the civilised world. One of their letters I enclose. Their circular letters I take with me, not payable till signed by me, and honoured instantly by the houses they are connected with in the chief cities of the East. This sum, I hope, will carry us through one year. Should there, at that time, as the period of our journey will certainly exceed twelve months, or from the pressure of unforeseen circumstances, be any occasion for drawing for more supplies, you will not, I hope, refuse to honour my drafts : consider the distress into which it will plunge me ; I think mother would hardly consent to this. But, however, it would be fruitless. The letters of introduction and recommendation I carry are of too respectable a kind to think they would refuse to honour my drafts ; your rejecting them, on their arrival in England, could little affect me, who, in the course of a few months, might be at a great distance from the parties supplying me ; but it would involve the credit of Dr. Clarke, by whose kindness and recommendation these letters were procured, by their correspondents in London. But it will be a great while ere I shall have occasion for anything of this kind ; till then you will not be harassed in

that way, and may expect to see my letters filled with details of a most interesting progress and rapturous feeling.

Give my kindest love to mother, and Mrs. Jos. Carne, and my brother, and William, and remember me particularly to Mr. Boase and Mr. Martin. I saw John Boase in the street; he is looking remarkably well, but I did not know his address before. And now I must conclude, and remain, dear father, yours affectionately,

LONDON, 26th March.

(The Signature has been cut off. —ED.)

The firman of the Grand Seignior, Mr. Jowett told me, might be procured at Constantinople for two or three pounds through an official channel. And Lady Stanhope's passport will be an excellent thing among the Arabs, who greatly venerate her.

Do please to pay Mr. Baldwin's Bill, the printer of my poem, £26, 6s.; my outfit was so expensive I could not afford to pay it.

LETTER III.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. JAMES CARNE.

From Marseilles 29th May 1821.

[Mr. Dennis, mentioned in the following letter, was a banker in Penzance, and was father to Mrs. Charles Moore of Garlinuick. The Valley of Vaucluse was the home of Petrarch from 1337 until 1353.

Miss Stone gave the original endowment to the Penzance Dispensary. The identity of Mrs. and Miss Maughan and of Mr. Martin is not discoverable.]

MY DEAR SISTER,—You will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from me with the above date. It certainly formed no part of our original plan to come through France, but the truth is, I was drawn to it in a measure. My mind was so harassed by the painful circumstances which took place at Deal—letters one after the other arriving, and Mr. Dennis coming on board in no enviable state of mind, it left me in none either; so, to avoid a recurrence of them, and perhaps be detained at last, I resolved to proceed to Dover, as the vessel was still kept in the Downs by a contrary wind, and spend a few days there in peace. The

captain promised to take us up off Dover in the case the wind should become favourable suddenly. However, as I thought we might have to proceed to Marseilles, I gave him a most particular direction where to leave our trunks, clothes, etc., in case we should not join him again. This proved to be the case, as the vessel passed along early in the morning, and all our efforts were in vain to overtake her, and I have to thank you at home for this opportunity of seeing France, for it certainly would never have entered my thoughts to quit the vessel, but that actually it was too intolerable to bear; the vessel moveless on the waters, and fancying every boat coming alongside contained a messenger in pursuit, or some ill-omened letter. But enough of complaints, I will now come to something which perhaps will be more interesting to you, my journey through France.

We went from Calais to Abbeville in the diligence, and then walked for the next two days as far as Amiens. This was extremely interesting, as it afforded an opportunity to see something of the peasant life in France. From Amiens we took the diligence to Paris. The scenery along the road was not in general of an interesting

character, not well-wooded or inhabited ; but the villages were extremely neat, the cottages white-washed, and far better lighted than ours, and the inhabitants live full as comfortably. In their appearance the country habitations of the north of France as much surpass oftentimes those of the south, as the latter tract of the country is a paradise compared to the former. The *salle-à-dîner* in the French inns is generally a lofty room with several mirrors, of which these people are extremely fond ; the bed-room sometimes paved with brick, or a floor of wood ; the beds are very neat ; and another excellence is, in the lowest as well as the highest inn, they always give you at meals a clean napkin and a large silver fork ; that necessary article, a knife, also is not forgotten. But if I am to tell you of Paris it must be in glowing colours. As a French officer said to me, ‘ There is but one Emperor in the world,’ it may be said there is but one Paris. Though in many respects London is superior to it, yet it is the air of cheerfulness and gaiety that hovers perpetually round it : its beautiful garden of the Tuileries, and the Jardins du Roi, and its Palais Royal, all in the very heart of the city, and, as resorts of luxury and relaxation,

unmatched in any other country, and its purer climate than ours,—these leave an indelible impression on the memory. The Thames infinitely exceeds the Seine in breadth and fineness, but you are not obliged to walk, as in London, through an endless succession of streets without a glimpse of the river, till the very soul longs for something green and verdant—something to remind her that she is not exiled from nature for ever. Here almost every street will lead you to the Seine, and you may walk along its banks through a wide promenade, and frequently below you are the baths, which look so cool and tempting, with a profusion of trees casting their shade over them. In the gallery of the Louvre you may linger day after day without being wearied. You enter the Statuary first, which is in a range of lofty apartments on the ground floor, the ceilings ornamented with beautiful paintings, and then ascend into the gallery. Now imagine this to be of an immense length and lofty, far as the eye can reach, with paintings and pictures on each side, and windows in the roof shedding an excellent light on all, as well as frequent windows in the sides, and you have an idea of the Louvre. The Palais Royal is

more difficult to describe ; it is a fine built stone square, extremely large. You walk all round it under a range of arcades, within which are shops of the most beautiful jewellery, dress, and every article of luxury, café-houses of the first-rate kind, restaurants. Above this ground-floor are three more stories of different kinds, some private houses, some gaming, etc. etc. The spacious open area in front is chiefly filled with avenues of trees whose leaves have been long since out, and in the midst is a superb fountain which spouts out seventeen streams of water. This is a most favourite resort of the Parisians ; you see them here early in the morning, each with a newspaper in his hand, which he reads for a sou, mostly silent and intent on their reading, either leaning over the fence of the small gardens or seated in chairs by the side. About nine, ten, and eleven o'clock being breakfast time, or rather the last two hours, the cafés begin to fill. In the afternoon you observe them walking under the shade of the trees. But the evening is the time of splendour in the Palais Royal : the lamps are lighted ; through the lofty arcades a stream of company pass and repass ; small tables are laid under the trees in the open air,

and surrounded with a number of both sexes, to whom refreshments, liqueurs, coffee, etc., are brought from the adjoining houses. Now you must ascend up a flight or two of steps to the celebrated Café des Mille Colonnes, where sits the admired beauty ; but whatever might have been her charms in past time, they are certainly not a little faded at present. She is now turned of forty, is very stout, and has too little of the ethereal in her for a beauty. After looking at Madame, as you must do, for she fronts you directly at the entrance, a number of the most beautiful mirrors meet your eye, and you may look into the adjoining room, where a fine billiard table is incessantly surrounded. If you wish for a place less genteel, but novel enough, there is the Café des Chinois, where a small band of musicians plays. All are attended here by young women (quite contrary to the French custom ; in general, men are the attendants), who are attired in the Chinese costume ; and on an elevated seat in the upper room sits the Sultana, with something in her hand by way of a sceptre, and every now and then she walks round with her train upheld by a page, but all this soon disgusts you. Below there is a Café de la Paix ;

on entering, it proves to be a kind of small theatre, the lower part being composed of long tables with seats on each side, and small recesses near the walls, etc., of a more genteel appearance. Above is a gallery full of company regaling themselves, as every seat has its table for that purpose, that extends all around except where the stage is. All this space is filled with people below and above, all taking refreshments, and enjoying themselves to the utmost, the performances and music being given gratis to induce you to frequent the coffee-house. Near by also is the celebrated *Very's*, the first and dearest restaurateur in Paris. The Gardens of the Tuileries are ranges of fine shaded walks, ornamented with a great deal of statuary; frequented from morning till night, but crowded on a Sunday. The Palace is in front, and fine buildings appear at a little distance on the right and left. You pass hence into the *Champs Elysées*. But you may like to know what I think of the French women. They are not so handsome as the English, but they have a better carriage, more expressive features, and are most agreeable companions. Some of the most interesting beings I have ever seen are the young Parisian mothers. They

come to the Garden of the Tuileries, on a Sunday afternoon particularly, always without bonnets, with a very neat and often elegantly embroidered cap, and their very fine hair appearing in profusion on their foreheads, always with their children, to whom they appear most affectionate. I have sat for a good while together, in that beautiful garden, near a group of those Parisians, while they gazed on their children at play or clasped them in their arms; and, drawing their chairs into a group, their sweet countenances displayed the most interesting vivacity. Near by also were seated Monsieur and Madame; he takes a paper out of his pocket, and reads to her while she listens or looks on the lively scene around her. The French children are often beautiful; the little girls like sylphs, and dressed more tastefully to their age than ours. And now I will conduct you to a lovely spot, which made a deep impression on my mind, the Cimetière of Père la Chaise. It is in the suburbs of Paris, and situated partly on level spots or on gentle declivities; being an immense assemblage of tombs, so adorned and attended with flowers and trees—here placed in a lonely shade, there the white marble glittering in the sun—that it has the appear-

ance of a rich and most interesting garden. But it is the designs, the tender and touching inscriptions, the sweet beds of flowers, which give you the image of a remembrance more powerful and lasting than the hand of death. The tomb of Eloïse and Abelard is near the entrance, and is much beloved by the Parisians. It costs not a little to procure a place here, but never can you see again the abodes of the dead so changed into a place of interest and beauty to the living. Artificial garlands are hung round most of the monuments ; here are the small figures in marble of a mother lamenting for her husband and fondly embracing her only child with the inscription, ‘It is for thee alone I can now consent to live.’ In another spot the figure of a lady, large as life, hiding her face with her hands, deploring her untimely widowhood. Or where two devoted spirits have been torn asunder, this inscription, ‘We have been separated only to be reunited for ever.’ Some of the monuments are of black marble, and enveloped, from their situation and the deep shade of the cypress, in perpetual gloom. But the greater part are open to the cheerful beams of the sun ; yet here too the cypress screens the lovely beds of flowers at the foot of

the tomb. These cannot be kept so neat and fresh without some care, and it gives you a lively idea of the sensibility and tenderness of this people in this respect. With regard to the Catholic worship I was much disappointed, particularly in the expectation of hearing beautiful singing, etc., having heard none at all as yet in the different churches we have entered. Their organs are good and the paintings very fine, but the abominable chant, or rather drone, of the priests at mass destroys the effects of all. There appears to be very little religion at present in Paris—indeed the Parisians allow this ; but few gentlemen are to be seen in the churches ; the audience are generally composed of the middle and lower ranks. In the other cities, as Lyons, Avignon, etc., there is much more devotion than in the capital. I was present in the Church of Notre Dame at some festival time. The priests ranged themselves on each side the great aisle with the superb cross ; and really, as far as appearance goes, they are the most religious self-denying men I ever saw, except some of the old dons who in their spangled dresses of yellow and purple, much like harlequins, look as if they loved a good glass of wine. The dress of

the priests is absolutely the most ungraceful you can possibly imagine, and when you meet one of them in the streets of Paris, or Marseilles, or the public places, he looks like a creature of another element, more slighted and ridiculed here now than honoured. In Marseilles the other day there was a grand procession of the penitents. Crosses, gilded lamps, pictures followed each other in endless succession; the penitents were clothed some in black, others in white garments, which hung down to their feet; no part of their faces was visible, only two small openings were left for them to see through: and most woful figures many of them made. They chanted solemnly as they passed along; but the people looked on just as undevoutly as they would at a spectacle, except some of the most serious crossing themselves occasionally. Sunday is not very sacredly kept in France; it is universally regarded as a day more or less of relaxation and pleasure. In the fête time in Paris on that day you might see men and women playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the streets; further on, in the Boulevard des Italiens, a beautiful promenade in the midst of the city, in one part they were mounted on artificial horses, swans,

etc., on a kind of round-about. The tea-gardens in the suburbs, restaurants, etc., were all full, where they were dining, dancing, etc., to the sound of music, just like on a fair day in England. And now we speak of pleasure, you must go to the beautiful Jardins du Roi. As you enter them at one end there is a pleasant restaurant, where you may dine or refresh yourself in the midst of rural scenery. The walks here are delightful, shady seats at the foot of the trees being provided, as they are in all the public promenades; these are more retired and calm than the Tuileries; they contain also a most extensive garden of plants and flowers, a small menagerie of wild beasts open to the public. Here also is the Cabinet of Natural History. The collection of animals—inanimate, I mean—from all parts of the world, appears to be almost endless and admirable, and as well as that of minerals, which were lost upon me, greatly surpassing anything we have in the British Museum. These gardens are close by the Palace of the Luxembourg, where there is a gallery of exquisite paintings, and a most lovely statue, by a French artist of the name of Julien, of a nymph with her attendant goat. It is surprising how habit recon-

ciles people to most objects ; but a great deal of the French statuary would look strange at first in London. The Venus de Medicis finds a place in several of the cafés and most of the promenades. But with respect to this admired statue I hope to be forgiven, but I never could admire it. The Apollo is a noble statue, but you know the originals were long since carried off by the Allies, though the imitations are very exact. The French are in some respects a contradiction. In coming from the Cimetière I saw a singular establishment where various wild beasts, the bear, wolf, the boar, leopard, etc., and the harmless ass, were kept for the purpose of exhibiting combats with dogs. These are extremely fierce, and kept chained in the day at the door of the kennels, through which I passed ; each species reserved for the different kind of animal they have to engage. But one of the most agreeable of these sports, they said, is to see two poor asses bite, kick, and worry each other. These humane exhibitions only take place on a Sunday ; and we were informed, as a particular treat, a bull was to be worried to death on the ensuing Sunday. The area for this purpose is surrounded by a gallery, where the spectators sit to

enjoy the scene. I was not before aware that cruelty of this kind had any part in the French character ; but it is only the lowest of the people who indulge in it. Yet, going thence to the Cabinet of Natural History, etc., we had to wait some time, with a number of others, before the doors were opened. There was a rush of people as soon as this took place, and the spacious apartments were soon filled in a measure, and chiefly by people of the lower order, who looked on the various objects with curiosity and attention. It struck me as a singular inconsistency to observe such an inclination for the brutal and for the things of taste and science in the same people. Whether the French are really more wicked or have a greater propensity to vice than the English, you will find it not easy perhaps to resolve. I cannot but think travellers have greatly overcharged their proportion in this respect. One can fancy, from seeing them perpetually in the public places, promenades, etc., that they love an incessant dissipation and estrangement from home. But whether it arises from the greater purity of their climate, the French delight to be in the open air. You will see of an evening, if the weather is fine,

a family group seated in chairs at their door ; and many a happy domestic circle may be perceived, after having locked up house, taking their refreshments in some garden, with their children and servant. If what I have heard be true, they are by no means the neglectful husbands it has been said ; more tender mothers than the French cannot be. I will not say more faithful wives ; no French man or woman with whom I have yet conversed but will allow how different they often are from the English in this respect. These infidelities were increased by the lax system of Bonaparte, when it was easy for any one to procure a divorce, but Louis has put an entire stop to it. The palaces of Versailles and St. Cloud you have read descriptions of, no doubt, far superior to any I can give you. The Little Trianon is a most lovely palace, just like a fairy creation, such as one could almost long to live in. But it is time to quit Paris. We set out in the diligence for Lyons, and travelled four days and three nights successively. The country began to wear a rich appearance, but had few features which were striking till we arrived opposite a ridge of broad and lofty hills, with patches of the dark cypress on their sides and summits ; the

valley below, and each gentle declivity, covered with cottages and small villages with their attendant gardens. The road wound along the brink of a precipice above. The next day, after dining at the town of La Brêle, we walked up the opposite hill, and the scene was magnificent—the finest we had yet seen in France. After spending a day or two in Lyons—a very dull and uninteresting city, though the promenades by the river-side are very agreeable, and the situation is striking, we hired a voiture, on very reasonable terms, for Marseilles. Travelling is so much cheaper here than in England. This was a pleasant plan, as it left us independent, though the progress was most tedious, about three miles an hour, only walking the horses. Our course lay in general by the side of the Rhone, which, though it has some fine points of view, has too much sameness in its scenery to keep up an interest—ever almost the same barren range of hills descending close on the opposite bank of the river. The weather was incessantly fine and clear; and, obliged to rise every morning at four, we had the cool morning air to compensate our loss of rest. Yet I have been delighted at times with my walks at these seasons—the Rhone then flowing near by,

and on its banks the white cottage, half hid in verdure; on the left hand a range of hills (at whose feet the road lay), well contrasting with the desolation opposite, being clothed with wood, and their summits and declivities covered with vines; corn and different vegetables growing without fence, close to the pathway; below, fruit-trees in their fullest blossom, and hay already cut. At the village, where the voiture halted for the first night, we fell in with an agreeable party, who became our fellow-travellers in another vehicle for the two succeeding days. They consisted of a French officer, his wife, a very sensible and most interesting young woman, and another French girl. I fancy you could meet few English women who could please and engage in so short a time those who were perfect strangers to her, as madame; but with the French girls you cannot help feeling at ease—no reserve or hauteur or languor. The last is what they say here belongs to many of your sex over the water. At Montélimart we parted with our company except the unmarried Française, who was going as far as Avignon. The weather was fine as possible, and we passed a large village at the foot of a rocky eminence, and surrounded with trees,

under the shade of which a number of the inhabitants were dancing in groups to the sound of music. We were now in the rich territory of Provence: the inhabitants began to have a browner hue, and the women often wore on their heads a kind of turban of some coarse material. In the evening we arrived at the small town of Orange. I shall never forget this place. Directly over it rose a rocky hill, covered with remains of fortifications long since erected by the French, and again by the Austrians. The lovely plain that extended on all sides, like an amphitheatre encircled by mountains (at that hour of a dark blue colour), was covered with cottages, villages, and corn fields; trees here forming a group round some peasant's abode, or running in straight avenues along the high road or in many a cool promenade. The Rhone gleamed in the distance at the foot of the hills, and the Aigues ran at the entrance of the town. But the finest object was the mountain of Mont Ventoux, in Piedmont, twenty-seven miles distant. The setting sun yet rested on its noble form and the snow on its summit, while the French mountains rose humbly beneath. It was a scene of admirable beauty and tranquillity, and its effect

was not injured by the sound of voices just behind us, on the top of the height, singing hymns in honour of the Virgin. They were seated, four or five men, at the foot of a lofty crucifix fixed on a marble pedestal. After descending we returned to the inn, through some fields along which ran a small stream, and the nightingale (?) was singing from the trees on its banks. We both thought in this little spot there was more like England, or something that brought it more lively to remembrance, than any we had yet seen. But in the aspects of nature in this country there is something which makes you think, while you gaze on it, This is not like English scenery : it is on a larger scale, the mountains loftier and of a different contour, the naked and the beautiful more strangely blended together ; the tall and slender pine and cypress trees which, standing alone, look like the palm of an eastern land, or rising in a circular group at some distance so erect and still, may be fancied the lone and desolate pillars of a ruined edifice. From Orange we reached Avignon, a very sombre and mournful place, ancient enough to require to be rebuilt : the environs are most luxuriantly wooded. Among the curious things to be seen at

Avignon is, among a small collection at one of the Catholic edifices, a figure of our Lord on the Cross, about a foot and a half long, exquisitely wrought in ivory. The expression of agony in the countenance, mingled with sorrow, and the effects of the punishment on the limbs, were beyond anything you could believe. There was also at the Palais des Tableaux a small and beautiful collection of statuary of plaster-of-Paris, being exact imitations of all the great masterpieces; also a choice collection of pictures, many by English artists. In the museum of Mons. Calvet there are many valuable things—an Egyptian mummy of a woman, in an excellent state of preservation, with part of the hair still adhering to the head; also some very ancient and beautifully illuminated Catholic missals. I wished exceedingly to visit the valley of Vaucluse, about five leagues off, but could not possibly accomplish it. The next day of our journey ended at Lambesc; we stopped at the romantic village of Orgon to breakfast, being quite accustomed by this time to live in the French style, two meals a day—breakfast *à la fourchette* about ten o'clock, and dinner at six or seven. It appears singular at first to an Englishman, no tea or coffee

in the morning except he orders it particularly, when the latter can always be had. I will tell you what our breakfast at this village consisted of—soup, a piece of mutton of which it was made, a few slices of cold ham, artichokes, asparagus, which you eat with oil, cutlet of mutton and pigeons; then the inevitable dessert—little sweet cakes, oranges, prunes, figs, and cheese (with all this you are allowed a bottle of wine for each person, so it is just the same as a dinner). At Lyons, at the hotel, for breakfast they gave three dishes of meat, a bottle of wine, and a dessert, which often includes almonds, macaroons, etc., for three francs (2s. 6d.); this is considered dear in France. The dinner consists of rather a greater variety of dishes, for 3s. And now I am on this eating subject, I must say the French cookery pleases me extremely, though there are some dishes you might just make shift to eat were you at the last gasp. The French never eat their meat and vegetables together; a dish of green peas or potatoes, which are both come new here, some time, always requires a separate plate. After all the praises you have heard bestowed on the French coffee, I assure you the reality greatly exceeds

them, being the best possible. As a specimen of cheap living, the breakfast of to-day was no bad specimen. Some small, highly-seasoned fish, artichoke, potatoes, a dish of lamb, a season pie, a large fish, eggs, a des'sert of sweet things and strawberries, all for twenty pence; and they charged us no more in the first inn at Marseilles, and now enough of this subject. The last day's route led through very wild and some beautiful scenery. On the left, hills of the most grotesque form, and perfectly barren, and a small town with its church rising amidst the nakedness, and their white-washed walls (generally the case in France, with red-tiled roofs), from the glare of the sun, making it still more conspicuous. Then you passed by small sandy eminences, with a solitary tree by a lonely habitation, again changing to the village embosomed in wood, and a canal running through a tract of fertility. France certainly does not possess in general those minute and interesting points of view which charm us so much in England—the neat hedges, enclosed fields, and clean and beautiful villages, though much of the south through which we have passed is a perfect garden, with many scenes which have no rival with us. And the

banks of the Loire, the flower of French scenery, should first be visited before forming a comparison. One excellence is the climate, which, to use a frequent expression here, is superb. Every morning on waking, to behold a clear sun and a brilliant sky over your head,—this was a felicity I often longed for in England. Perhaps the manners of Marseilles may amuse you a little. The walks through the avenues of trees in the midst of the city are very agreeable. In the evening, when the moon is shining through the branches, and many a candle is lighted below, where some group is standing, it is very amusing to walk. In one place an assemblage is gathered round a man with a violin, his daughter on one side, very decently dressed, who beats a small drum and sings together with her father, and his little boy plays a violin, on the other side, and form a pleasing concert. Another person has several small articles of merchandise to sell ; he is incessantly talking, and holds in his hand a cap which he can make suit in an instant to the head-dress of any character—now a priest, a captain of brigands, a Jew with a long beard, etc. Another group surrounds a man with a violin, who plays while an African girl, tastily

dressed, dances after the fashion of her country. Again, there are two young women, with guitars in their hands, who play and sing for what the spectators please to give them. Last Sunday, in the afternoon, a number were gathered round, where, to the sounds of a violin, some little boys were exhibiting feats of activity, together with the mistress, a good-looking young woman, and a monkey dancing. Others were amused by a girl balancing various things with her mouth, while her master is loudly extolling the trifles he has to sell. A little further on is a puppet-show : a drum beats on a sudden, when a fellow appears standing on a chair, and with wonderful fluency proclaims the merits of a book he has to sell ; all the glorious victories, battles, events of all the chief countries in the world, are to be found there. Would you wish to know about Russia, its emperors, wars, etc. —turning over a few leaves—there it is ; five or six other countries in succession are all there, but he seemed to get few customers. The French are certainly easily amused with trifles, but they are more free from riotous excesses. 'Tis but seldom you see one of them intoxicated, and that frequent sight, of public-houses, in our country,

full of noisy, drunken people, is a thing unknown here. You would think, from the cheerfulness of countenance, the tone of voice, the vivacity, that the women were the happier part of France. Whether the men, since the Revolution and their late disasters, have lost part of their gaiety, but it is often not easy to discover in them that light and joyous state of heart that used to sport with the ills of life. Marseilles is not a very pleasant place to live in; it has an extensive commerce. The quantity of fruit brought here from the Mediterranean is incredible. It is bounded on two sides by barren and naked hills, but the suburbs towards Avignon are beautiful and richly cultivated. The English do not reside here till winter. The most various and elegant bouquets of flowers are sold every day in the market. Such is the fondness for ornaments of these people, that you see numbers of the poorest dressed women with gold ear-rings or a gold cross at their bosoms. Frequently on entering a country-town on the route, a superb gilded cross, of large size, is erected on a white pedestal, with a figure of our Saviour in wood painted white. This rather excites disgust than reverence, for in the Place de Belle Cour at Lyons,

shows and amusements were going forward, around one of these crosses, for the baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux. The Catholic religion appears to have the deepest hold on the minds of the women here. If you enter a church the greater part of the audience consists of them, often kneeling devoutly in silence, their eyes fixed on the ground or on the image of the Virgin. With all deference to the 'Grande Nation,' they make an Englishman wish they were a little more cleanly in some things. From Calais all the way to Marseilles they never gave one any soap to wash with, nor could we procure it without a particular quest; so that in general we did without it, as it seemed to be regarded as something unusual. The state of a great part of our Cornish peasantry may not compare with that in which those of the south of France live; for the poor St. Just miners this would be a paradise. The beautiful climate, the profusion of the necessaries of life, and the constant reward which industry brings, are a striking contrast to the pining poverty, melancholy cottage, pierced by the chill winds, and the vainly wished-for employment which I often witnessed there. A French peasant of the south will take his bread,

vegetables, or piece of meat, with a bottle of country wine, into the field for his dinner, and when he returns at night he has his bouilli or some warm dish for his supper. Of excellent bread he always has an abundance. You will perceive, my dear sister, how much I am delighted with this journey. Indeed France and its Paris have surpassed my expectations, yet the memory of some of my favourite Cornish scenes has returned vividly even here. It would be sweet even now to exchange the rich woodland and the shady avenue for the noble rocks and dashing waves around Zennor, etc. They are ordinary-looking people at Marseilles, and you cannot but think sometimes how welcome would be the sight of a fair English face with its bright colours and kind looks; for France, with all its fascination of manners, is not a country to make you forget English beauty. But now it is time to tell you of my future prospects and plans. The measures they had recourse to at home were the entire cause of my proceeding through France, else nothing would have been further from my thoughts.

We have now engaged a passage to Constantinople in a Swedish ship. The captain seems a

worthy man, and sails in a few days. I have just money enough left to pay for the passage, and bring us to the above city. I shall be obliged to draw some money at Constantinople on father or the bank—perhaps about a hundred pounds, which will last us for some time. I hope they will not dishonour this at home ; it will only place me in a situation of extreme distress ; yet this can only be eventually, as we shall be in the heart of Syria before an answer can arrive in Turkey. I have not the least doubt of finding our trunks, clothes, etc., perfectly safe, as the vessel will remain for a considerable time at Smyrna, and I gave the captain a written order to what house to consign them at Constantinople. Should he not have touched at this city, as he was not certain if this would be the case, before or after his going to Smyrna, as it depended on the wind, we are sure to find them on board the ship at Smyrna. I hope by this time you have arranged some channel by which I may be enabled to draw in future ; how easy would it be, instead of making this journey one of thorns to me, to cause it to be delightful. If it is your intention to consign us over to poverty and difficulties, I have an expedient in reserve, but

which I will not tell you of till I find it is inevitable. It is not a dishonourable one, though rather of a more enterprising and desperate kind than the journey through France. It will entail no expense on you at home, but, it may be, many an unavailing regret, as it will compel us to a very long adieu from all our friends.

Give my kindest love to all at home—to father, mother, and William, and to James, and my eldest brother and sister. I hope you are all as well as when I left, and that you will write or have written me some letters to the places we are bound to. Your dear little boy I hope is well, and can speak by this time. Please remember me kindly to the Miss Stones, Mrs. and Miss Maughan, and Mr. Martin, and now it is time for me to conclude. I hope I have not wearied you with this long letter. Believe me, your affectionate brother,

JOHN CARNE.

MARSEILLES, 19th May 1821.

Of the Catacombs in Paris it is not in my power to say anything, as they are undergoing some repairs, and for some months past no person has had permission to visit them. An application for that purpose proved in vain.

LETTER IV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Grand Cairo, 25th August 1821.

GRAND CAIRO, 25th August 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I hope, before this arrives, you will have received the letter I wrote you from Smyrna, explaining the reasons, through the unsettled state of Syria, of my proceeding direct to Egypt. I also stated the different drafts I had drawn, according to the plan suggested by Mr. Black, of the house of Kerr and Co., for my better accommodation. We had a pleasant passage of eight days to Alexandria, with a motley crew of passengers—a German doctor, going to try his fortune there; an Italian tailor, on the same errand; and another Italian adventurer, with four dogs for sale, and a wife and four children.

The coast of Egypt could not be discerned at a great distance, being so very low, and quite barren in its first appearance. I landed soon after, and

then began to feel, what may be called, the succession of the plague of the flies. Fastening on your face perpetually, you are obliged to keep your handkerchief waving. In the coffee-houses, in this city, every glass of lemonade, etc., had a tin covering over it to prevent its being soon filled with these insects. In the passage up the Nile, at meals, we were sometimes plagued beyond measure ; the flies covering your plate, fastening on the meat, and at sunrise utterly disturbing your morning nap by their attacks. But these are not so great and enduring a plague as the mosquitoes ; they have cost me many a sleepless night. At Smyrna we had netting fixed round the bed, which was rather close in the warm nights ; but at Alexandria they tormented us beyond measure, the hotels being bad there, and the room allotted us seemed a favourite haunt of these creatures. At Cairo the flies annoy but little, but the mosquitoes make a point of depriving one of a good portion of every night's rest. Mr. Clarke was very unwell from the time we left Smyrna, and, during our stay of a few days at Alexandria, was unable to visit any of the curiosities of the place, or even to leave the hotel. He thought

it a feverish attack, but is too fond of doctoring himself, and, in my opinion, takes too much medicine. During the passage up the Nile, he was extremely weak, and has been little out, even at Cairo, and this has been attended also with an extreme depression of spirits. I do not know what I should have done without the servant to attend to him. He is nearly recovered now, but I rather doubt his ability for the journey into Upper Egypt, which we shall enter upon in a few days. On the Monday, I dined at Mr. Lees', the Consul at Alexandria. Mr. Salt, for whom I had letters at Cairo, had lately arrived, and resided at Mr. L.'s house. Though the hope of seeing Mr. Salt at Cairo, his excellent collection, etc., and acquiring some useful information on Upper Egypt, was frustrated, yet these objects were in a great measure answered by this interview. The day was spent very agreeably. He had brought with him, from Cairo, some valuable paintings, lately discovered at Thebes. He handsomely offered his house at Cairo for our residence there, which I was very happy to accept, as it would be impossible at any hotel, etc., in that city, to find any equal accommodation.

Early in the morning, having procured two asses (the common way of riding here), I went to see Pompey's Pillar, the Canal of Cleopatra, etc. The curiosities in Alexandria were soon visited—Cleopatra's Needle, the remains of ancient baths, etc. I cannot but think this city, if it may be so called, as well as its inhabitants, has been represented in too unfavourable colours.

Volney speaks of 'the narrow and ill-paved streets, the low houses, the meagre and swarthy inhabitants, the universal air of misery so manifest in all he meets.' Ancient Alexandria now presents only vast and shapeless heaps of ruins, with scarcely any remains to denote what once existed there.

The houses of this city are in general lofty, plastered white (except the Franks'), with windows of lattice-work. Many belonging to the Frank merchants are very pleasantly situated close to the sea. Mr. Lees' was remarkably cool, very lofty, with a double row of windows in height, and the sea breeze all day long. The Egyptians are a much better-looking people than one is led to expect: they are of middle size, and often tall, their gait not ungraceful, cheerful in their man-

ners. The driver of the asses I rode was a handsome elderly Egyptian. The climate here is the coolest in Egypt, but this is far from being an agreeable place of residence, there is such an extreme barrenness and sameness in all the surrounding country; not one pleasant walk, and scarcely any trees, except some palms at the Convent of Mamoudieh and the English Consul's garden.

The fortifications, erected by Mahomet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, around the city, are very extensive and strong. The talents, as well as the wickedness, of this prince are not properly appreciated in England. The great canal, which he has made, is an extraordinary work, being 40 miles in length and of the highest utility. Mr. Salt told me that for a considerable time he employed on an average 150,000 men about this work; but these were chiefly Arabs, over whom he exercises the most despotic sway, and who are the most numerous people in Egypt; inhabiting almost all the villages on the banks of the Nile. Of these, 20,000 died during the progress of this work, as Mr. S. assured me, and observed we need no longer wonder at the vast number of

men employed to erect the Pyramids, since a prince like Mahomet Ali could effect so much. Early on the Tuesday morning, I set out again with Michel on a couple of asses. During this ride I witnessed a most interesting sight. Having alighted to view an elegant house, which Ali was erecting for his son, I heard the sounds of music, etc., without, and perceived from the window it was the Pasha with his guard, who fortunately had just arrived from Cairo. He was on foot, and stood on the lofty bank of a new canal he was making, observing the innumerable workmen below. We stood on the opposite bank. It was a novel spectacle to see on all sides beneath such a vast number of workmen employed, chiefly Arabs, of a dark colour, with their Egyptian masters, with whips in their hands, watching and directing their progress. It was, I thought, a just and lively representation of the children of Israel forced by Pharaoh to make bricks. The wages Ali gives these people are very small ; great part of the work he exacts as a tax from them. Yet these poor Arabs, after the day's fatigue, can be gay in their manner. I took a walk by moonlight, with my servant, and Mr. Salt's janizary,

who was a passenger on board the vessel to Cairo in which I slept that night. They were seated under their rude tents, or lying down in ranks with no covering but the sky; and yet we heard them singing all around, and clapping their hands.

On Wednesday morning the vessel sailed up the canal for Cairo; the shores presented nothing but sand and barrenness to the view. But how delightfully was the scene changed, when coming on deck, early the next morning, we were going slowly up the Nile. It was just before sun-rising, and the softest hues were spreading all round the horizon. The first view of this celebrated river, with its banks covered with palm and sycamore trees and villages, was extremely beautiful.

The vessel stopped some hours close to the town of Foua, and I bathed with delight in the waters of the Nile, and afterwards walked through the town. Though so early, the shops were open and fruit selling. It was a pretty large town, built of brick, as all the habitations on the Nile are, with a dozen mosques in it. Returning on board to breakfast, they would not think at home, I said, that I was enduring much hardness if they saw

me at breakfast. New bread and milk, with coffee of the East, delicious grapes, and fresh cheese.

The Nile is in general a calm and beautiful river, for the most part near a quarter of a mile wide, sometimes more, but much oftener less, and nothing can be more lovely than to sail along it by the cloudless moonlight, as the air is then so balmy and cool. Our progress was rather slow, as they appeared to be indifferent sailors. In the afternoon of the second day, our Captain, or Reis, a respectable old man, was in the boat alongside, at his devotions, and, in the act of prostrating himself, lost his balance and fell overboard. Though an alarm was instantly raised, and one or two of the Arabs plunged in, he was carried down by the current. He floated for a good while on the surface, and then sank. His son walked to and fro on the river side, calling on the name of Ali, his poor father, and uttering loud lamentations. On the fourth morning, the vessel having come, as usual, close to the shore, I landed with my servant, Michel, a clever fellow, who speaks six languages, and takes the utmost care of all my affairs on these occasions. We set out to take a long walk,

and continued for several miles along the banks, which were here sandy and barren. Arrived at last at a large Arab village, and at the further end of it succeeded in procuring a bowl of new milk, the richest and most delicious I ever tasted, and after some time, they brought small hot cakes of bread, baked on the hearth, in the same manner, most probably, as that mentioned in Scripture in the patriarchal times. Michel having bought a couple of fowls at another village, he killed and stripped one, as it was uncertain what time of the day we should rejoin the ship, and made the woman who brought us the bread understand we wished her to dress it. In the meantime we sat down under a wall that afforded a little shade, and ate some bread and milk, surrounded with Arabs. Their complexion is very dark. My clothes became objects of particular admiration, a fur and velvet cap I had on being put by a tall young Arab on his head; nothing could exceed the amusement of the others at the figure he made. These people imprint their names in Arabic on their wrists, and the women have a similar mark of a green colour, extending from the mouth to the chin; the latter have very ordinary features.

Michel wished to enter the house, to see what process the fowl was undergoing, but he was not suffered to defile it by his presence ; the Grand Seignior could not be more watchful of his seraglio—though they could not have a better guard to their honour than by putting one of their own faces at the entrance. At last we were bid to seat ourselves on the ground, in a narrow street that possessed a little shade, surrounded by Arabs of all ages, naked and clothed, and the fowl made its appearance, swimming like a great frog in a large vessel of hot water. We were obliged, having first washed our hands, to tear the fowl to pieces with our fingers.

These Arab villagers are very lazy ; you very seldom see them at work in the fields, and though the Nile has plenty of fish they do not care to catch them, but it is true that the Pasha's exactions greatly discourage industry.

On Monday morning we entered the village of Boulac, which is the port of Grand Cairo ; and, having put our effects on a camel, and hiring asses, we proceeded near a mile and a half to the consular house ; through large uninhabited tracts, in some parts adorned with trees, or consisting of

sand and rubbish. Mr. Salt's house is perfectly retired, the approach to it being through narrow passages. The pleasantest room in the house is the first you enter on the ground floor, and where we take our meals. The windows open into the small garden, and in one end of the room is a fountain, which makes the air much cooler. The chamber we use above stairs is by no means so cool ; but it is near the flat roof of the house, and it is delightful to rise by night and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day. I have even taken a book, and read there at that hour. From hence you can look all around on the terrace roofs of the adjoining houses, numbers of whose inhabitants constantly sleep there. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital ; nothing seems to disturb the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes forcibly on the imagination. The lonely palm-trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which arrest the view. But nothing can exceed the charms of this climate ; those of Constantinople, Smyrna, etc., are very inferior to Cairo. It is superfluous ever to say it is a fine

day, where all are fine. The sun rises at half-past five, and sets about half-past six. A cloud is scarcely to be seen in the sky, or if there is, it is of the most transparent whiteness. I do not find the heat oppressive (except if you walk out at midday): from sunrise till nine in the morning, and from five till eight in the evening, exercise is delightful.

In Cairo you will seek in vain to realise the splendid description given by the Oriental writers; but it is hardly fair to judge of its ancient extent by what now remains. The immense hills of rubbish on all sides of the city, and which have been for years past and are now daily added to by what is brought out from Cairo, on the backs of mules, prove its dimensions to have been anciently much greater. But with regard to the mass of buildings, little more magnificence than the city now exhibits could have been ever possessed. The palaces of the Caliphs, as well as some other buildings, might have beautified it. But Cairo is a very old city, and most of the streets now remaining have an extremely antique appearance, and present in architecture, materials, etc., no doubt a picture of what this city has been for a number of

centuries. In extent it is very inferior to Constantinople, and contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants. So much of the former city is taken up with gardens, whereas Cairo is almost destitute of that beauty. The houses are all built of brick of a dirty colour, and are more lofty than those of the capital of Turkey. They project in general towards the upper stories, the windows of lattice-work of wood are often thrown out a foot or two, and are made to open to admit the air and the view of what is passing without. Here the inhabitants love to sit. But the interior of the houses, from their construction, and the nearness of the opposite walls, has scarcely any sun, coolness and shade being studied as much as possible.

The streets are unpaved, but even; and from the general absence of the sun little dust is raised, and they are in general wider at the bottom than the top, from the projection of the houses in that part. I am convinced the Orientals judge rightly in building their capitals with such narrow streets; it is our prejudice and ignorance of the climate which make us dislike them. It is quite a luxury in this climate to enter a cool and shaded

street from which the burning sun is excluded, or only seen to brighten the tops of the houses. Were the Eastern cities as broad and open in this respect as the European, the heat would be intolerable, and the inhabitants be driven within doors.

There is something more purely Asiatic in this place than any I have yet visited. You meet camels at almost every turning, some carrying water of the Nile, others various burdens, or just arrived in caravans from the interior. Vast numbers of asses are let out for hire, with very neat and high saddles or cushions. These are universally used by all ranks, are full of spirit, and go at a rapid and easy pace, and attended by the Arab drivers on foot. I wish I could send one home to mother; it would quite dignify these animals in our neighbourhood by its excellent qualities. It is very amusing to be galloping in this way through the crowded streets of Cairo; at one time avoiding a tall camel, or a soldier mounted on a fine charger, jostling foot passengers, or encountering numbers alike mounted with yourself, the drivers calling out loudly to clear the way.

One morning we rode to see the tombs of the Caliphs, about a mile and a half out of the city. They are beautiful monuments, in the style of the Arabian architecture, and are in a very perfect state. They are built of fine limestone, and are lofty square buildings, with domes or minarets. There is great elegance of ornament about them ; the largest and finest is painted red and white, and these colours have lasted very perfect. But what can decay, you are tempted to think, in a country like this, where the air, the sky, and climate all tend to preservation, from their extraordinary purity and dryness? Those tombs are scattered over a desert of sand, and their minarets of limestone are of most minute and exquisite workmanship.

The 16th of August was the day fixed on for the celebrated cutting the bank of the Nile, a time of great rejoicing with the Egyptians. Being told, a vast number of people assembled under tents, etc., all the previous nights near the spot appointed : I resolved to go and join them, not doubting there would be something worth the seeing. Osmín, a Scotch renegade attached to the Consulate, and a respectable man, thought it might not be without

danger, from the great numbers of Albanians from the Pasha's army who would be dispersed about ; but, having often found the fallacy of these surmises, I thought it as well to pay no regard to them.

I arrived at the place about eight o'clock, accompanied by Michel. There was a kind of illumination, frequent firing of cannon, and exhibitions of fireworks. On the bank of the Nile from Boulac, a long way down, were groups of people, but chiefly about the former village, and parties of Arabs were dancing. After some time we crossed to the opposite shore : the scene here was much more interesting. Ranks of people were seated on the shelving banks of the river, and behind them was a long line of persons selling various articles. Towards the termination of this assemblage, a little to the left, amidst a widely scattered group of trees, were some tents and temporary coffee-houses, canopied over, and lighted with lamps. At a number of little sheds or standings, to which small lamps were suspended, you might have meat, fish, fruit, etc. It was a lively scene, though not a very imposing one, and great numbers were collected on this occasion of various nations. We

entered a coffee-house, or large tent, for that purpose, lighted by a row of lamps hung from the top, and quite open in front. Having sat some time on the floor, which was covered by a hard mat, and feeling in want of rest, I stretched myself on my cloak amidst Arabs, Turks, and Albanians, and slept for two hours so soundly that a quarrel between some Albanians and Arabs close to me did not break my slumber, and which Michel told me of afterwards. I then left the tent, where by that time they were asleep on all sides, and walked out by the water's side, and many a group were smoking and amusing themselves around. But the Turks and Arabs were most graceful in their demonstrations of joy. Their singing is sad work, which is singular for such a people as the Arabs, who are very lively, and need every resource to beguile their lot. I took some roast meat at one of the sheds, where a fire was constantly kept in a large [brazier]. A little roll of meat, wrapped round a rod of iron, was soon dressed, and being cut into small pieces, and served upon a plate of wood, was extremely good. At last day broke, and soon after I proceeded to the appointed spot. The high banks of the canal,

through which the water was to pass, were soon crowded with spectators.

Meeting with Osmin, I got an excellent seat on the declivity. The Kiaya Bey and his officers were seated under a large green tent, on the opposite side. A number of Arabs began to dig down the dike which confined the Nile: and the river was covered with large boats, full of people waiting to sail down the canal, as soon as it should be open. But the great dampness from the waters soon made the workmen leave off. Several Arabs then plunged into the river, and, exerting all their strength to push down the remaining part of the bank, some openings were soon made, and the river broke through with great violence. According to custom, the Kiaya Bey distributed a good sum of money, throwing it into the bed of the canal below, where a great many men and boys scrambled for it. Several of them had a large kind of net, hoisted on the top of a pole, to catch the money. It was amusing, as the water gathered fast round and the money fell into it, to see them struggling and groping amidst the waves for the coin. Unfortunately this sport, every year, costs some of them their lives: the river, now rushing

down impetuously, had the appearance of a small cataract, and quickly bore away the scramblers, some of whom, having lingered to the last, now sought to save themselves by swimming. This overflowing of the Nile is the richest blessing of Heaven to the Egyptians; as it finds its way gradually into the flat and vacant parts of the city and neighbourhood. The inhabitants crowd to wash in it, and to rejoice in its approach. The great square called the Birket, which when I arrived presented only a vast barren area, is now a beautiful scene, for the Nile has completely filled it, flowing close to the houses, and affording the finest advantages for bathing, sailing in boats, etc. On one side of this square is a palace of the Pacha; on the opposite side is the Coptic quarter:—the palace of the chief of the Mamelukes, of a poor appearance, with some houses, fortifications, and ruins, forms the rest of the square. In walking round the city, and observing so many level parts destitute of verdure, or encompassed with piles of ruins, you can hardly conceive how the waters can reach them; but it is very interesting to see them gradually working their way on every side, and bringing health and abundance in their

progress. I have heard Mother speak about the peculiar excellence of the water of the Nile, so that the kings in their expeditions had it carried with them to enjoy its flavour. It has a singular softness: in our progress up the Nile, we drank it out of the river in its most muddy state; this is always the case during the inundation, but there was nothing in the least offensive in it. I have never seen it clear except when filtered, which is the case in the European houses, etc.; but it is always drunk out, and kept in a particular kind of earthen jug which keeps it cool. There are some large fountains in the city, circular-roofed buildings, where any one is supplied with water by persons within gratuitously. But this city may not compare in this respect with the numerous and beautiful fountains of Constantinople and its neighbourhood. From the tombs of the Caliphs we went to the citadel, and went down the celebrated Well of Joseph by a winding passage two hundred and forty feet deep: a buffalo at the bottom draws the rope by which the buckets of water are carried to the top for the supply of the citadel; the well itself is eight or ten feet deep. The Hall of Joseph is also in the citadel, but the

pillars which support it are by Arabian architects, by whom most probably the granaries of Joseph, where he deposited the corn bought up to the land of Egypt, were built. We could not see these, as Ali had made a storehouse of them. What procured this Scriptural name for all these edifices is singular. Mr. Salt gave me a letter at Alexandria, for Mr. Caviglia, a Frenchman who has been some time most ardently engaged in prosecuting discoveries at the Pyramids. He came to Cairo one day, and I agreed to return with him. Soon after two o'clock, in the very heat of the day, we set out on asses, Mr. Clarke being unable to go. The direct route to the Pyramids is only eight miles, but the inundation now made it twenty, obliging us to take a very round-about way. But it was a most agreeable one, leading at times through woods of palm-trees. The Nile in its overflow had encompassed some villages and their groups of trees, which seemed rising as it were out of the midst of the water. We passed a number of causeways, for all the flat land, rich fields around them, were soon to become a complete lake. We did not arrive at the Pyramids till after daylight was gone, and their immense forms

had faded from the view. The last mile was through sand. We were welcome to our habitations in the rock, for it was here in the tombs Mr. Caviglia resided. My servant did not arrive till midnight, and could find no dwelling or inhabitant, and I did not see him till next morning. We supped—Mr. Caviglia, Mr. Spinette, an assistant in his laborious work, and myself—in this grotesque apartment, and soon after they left me there to my repose. My bed was a small crate, over which a piece of hard matting was flung, with a bundle of hard reeds for my pillow. The place of tombs (at least in times of old) was very warm, and two candles were stuck in the walls, but I was fatigued, and slept soundly for five hours. The next morning we took our coffee close to one of the natural windows in the rock looking over the plain. In the course of the day I visited several of Mr. C.'s excavations. One was a small and beautiful gateway of fine white stone, of so fresh a colour that it seemed as if it had been erected but a few weeks; it was covered with hieroglyphics. Descending about sixty feet, we entered three subterraneous apartments—one of which contained two large natural coffins cut in the rock, side by side, but only some

little idols were found in them. There was also a very curious square room, or place of tombs, covered with figures, etc., in the stone, discovered by Mr. Salt. Mr. Caviglia appears at present to be spending his time and labour to little purpose. He imagines there is a communication under ground between these Pyramids of Gizeh and those of Saccara, twenty miles off, and he has advanced about a hundred yards in this pursuit. He must exercise uncommon patience ere he can satisfy himself. Yet he is an indefatigable man, and has effected some valuable objects here. He has cleared, after immense labour, the breast and part of the body of the Sphinx: this employed him and his Arabs about six weeks, as the wind blew the sand back as fast as they dug it out, and he is now trying to uncover the whole body of this wonderful figure. You must suppose a man should be animated by no slight enthusiasm, to live here in this place of desolation, deprived of the joys of civilised life, working like a slave, with forty or fifty Arabs, amidst rocks, sand, and oppressive heat. He has been lamed for near a month by a piece of stone. The next morning, with Mr. Spinette, I began to ascend the Great Pyramid.

You cannot form a just idea of the astonishing magnitude till you are close to it. It greatly exceeded what I had imagined. It is 778 feet long at each square, 500 feet high, and 28 feet square at top. The stone steps by which you ascend are two and a half, three, and four feet high. What a boundless prospect was beheld from the summit! On one side all a dreary desert, but for the greater part it displayed tracts of the most abundant fertility and populousness, watered by the Nile, which wound its way afar off into Upper Egypt. The site of the Pyramids is on a vast bed of rock elevated 150 feet above the level of the plain. This is of sand and rubbish; the only verdure to be seen are the sacred trees, very near to the Pyramids, consisting of two sycamores and two or three palms, not a leaf of which the Arabs will ever pluck. The two next nights my tent was pitched below the bed of rock—a long plain, where I enjoyed a fine fresh air, which, however, often blew the sand in about me. On the third night we went into the interior of the Pyramid, descending first with candles, then mounting a narrow but very lofty gallery of marble till you arrive at the largest room yet discovered. The

roof is composed of immense cut stones eighteen feet long and two feet wide. In what manner these immense masses were conveyed here to such a height it is not easy to conceive, or for what end these immense erections were formed no satisfactory clew has yet been discovered.

The interior of the Pyramids is in general, except the two or three apartments, gallery, etc., in the large one, a solid mass of stone and marble. That lesser one of Cephrenes (that of Cheops being somewhat larger) is all a . . . ¹ body within, where no room or vacuum has yet been discovered. This Pyramid cannot be ascended, as it has no steps. The last evening of my stay here was a very lovely one. I was sitting with Caviglia, near the door of his rocky abode, looking at the sun go down over the extensive scene before us. About a mile on the right was a small camp of wandering Bedouins ; their tents were pitched, and the camels grazing beside them. I shall never forget this beautiful Egypt ; it is the strong contrast, I believe, of extreme barrenness and desolation encompassing scenes and spots of exquisite fruitfulness and beauty, which attract you more strongly

¹ MS. torn.

to the latter. The scenery of Constantinople will not live in my memory like the Egyptian. To pass from the rich banks of the Nile, covered with the palm, the most elegant tree I ever saw, and noble sycamores spreading their ample shade, where groups of Orientals are seated more luxuriously than in the handsomest coffee-house, into a wild waste of sand, where all, even [the broken monuments of past ages . . . ¹ feelings of sadness and regret. At last, after spending three nights and two days at the Pyramids, I had a delightful ride to Cairo. It is very interesting to see the different ways these people have of irrigating the land. Sometimes a buffalo turns by means of a small wheel a larger one, which is covered all round by pitchers, that, drawing the water up from beneath, pour it out as the wheel turns round into a small channel cut in the earth, and this channel is carried by various others through the fields. Or a man stands close to the stream with a simple machine of wood, to which a couple of buckets are suspended; these he incessantly lowers into the stream, and pours into a small canal in his ground. In another part they enclose with a little

¹ MS. torn.

earth a great many square plats in the plain, and making channels with their shovels, let the water run into them and soak into the soil till it becomes of the richest materials. Indeed all the fields and flat ground reserved for cultivation, by which we passed, appeared of a most rich black mould. The palm-trees at this time are loaded with dates, which hang in clusters as big as one's head, near the top of the tree ; these are manna to the people of Egypt ; they have a very sweet and rather insipid taste. Pomegranates, figs, melons, and grapes are also in season.

In my ride to Cairo I met with an Arab funeral ; about twenty men advanced slowly under a row of palm-trees, singing and bearing the body. They forded a stream, and passed close by. The corpse was that of a woman, neatly wrapped in white, and carried on an open bier with a small awning spread over it. On leaving Cairo on this excursion I passed a Turkish wedding in the streets. A square canopy of silk was borne along, preceded by several friends, slaves, etc., all women, except three men who followed on with tambourines and pipe. The canopy was supported in front by three women, the middle one of whom was the bride, completely

covered from head to foot in a close and most ungraceful dress.

I brought away a piece of the wall of the large chamber of the Pyramid for my brother Joseph, and hope to find something curious for him. I shall now very soon leave Cairo. It has some advantages, but how inferior is it in attraction and situation to Constantinople ! but what capital may vie with the latter, in those respects, at least in its surrounding scenery ?

Mr. Salt, at Alexandria, related all the particulars of the differences between himself and Belzoni, whose patron he has been. He read their mutual correspondence, by all which it appeared the Italian had acted an ungrateful part. I went into the excavation he had made in the Pyramid of Cephrenes, with prodigious labours, but there is nothing worth seeing there, nor was the least discovery made. We shall leave Cairo for Upper Egypt in a *cangia* which I have engaged. I expect the greatest delight from this voyage, but it is the last my companion and I shall make together. We have for a good while discovered that our tempers, tastes, etc., are not congenial ; he possesses some amiable qualities, but we have had some unhappy

differences on things unconnected with our journey, when his language to me has been ungenerous and insulting. It is too much to pay the expenses of a man and yet prefer to be without his company. Besides, it is not improbable he may be laid up again, and in some parts of the country this would place me in a most perplexing situation. I shall take a passage for him at Alexandria on our return, and look forward to the separation with pleasure, and shall then pursue my journey with full as much confidence and much greater satisfaction. He objects but little to this arrangement, and I shall be glad to give the captain a draft on you for the passage-money. I do not wish to lessen if possible my stock of cash. I have drawn for two hundred dollars more on the house of Niven, Kerr, and Co. at Constantinople.

And now, my dear father, it will be a good while ere I can receive a letter from you, or can write home again; not till my return to Cairo. Yet you must not fail at home to write me in the meantime. Give my kindest love to mother, to my brother Joseph, Mrs. C. and all the family (I hope to write her my next letter), to William, who might send me a letter, to James and Mrs.

C. at St. Creet. Remember me also to Mr. H. Boase ; I hope to write him after my return down the Nile, and to give him some interesting particulars of my voyage.—And now I must conclude, and am, your affectionate son,

JOHN CARNE.

I wrote my letter on the wrong side the sheets, so was obliged to stitch it together.

LETTER V.

TO HIS MOTHER.

From Cairo, 29th October 1821.

[‘Mr. Wolf,’ p. 92. The Rev. Joseph Wolff made some noise in the world. He journeyed, Bible in hand, to Bokhara in 1843 to demand the release of Stoddart and Conolly. His general disuse of linen induced Miss Goldsmid, the excellent daughter of Baron Goldsmid, on one occasion to buy him twelve shirts. He however soon after appeared at her house as usual without any luggage. On being asked where the shirts were, he struck his breast, and cried, ‘Madam, they are here.’ He had got them all on. This story was told many years ago to me by A. J. D. D’Orsey, who had it from Miss Goldsmid. Dr. Woolf, or Wolff, was father of Sir Henry Drummond Wolff.

John, it will be seen, in the first line of this letter says ‘he arrived at Cairo on 25th August on his return from Upper Egypt.’ He evidently means 25th October, for in his letter to his father, to which he alludes, and which is dated 29th August, he says that it will be about two months before he can write again.]

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I arrived here on the 25th of August [October] from the journey into Upper Egypt, after an absence of about two months. My letter to father from this city before my departure has reached you, I hope, long ere this, as well as the previous one from Smyrna, with my

miniature for you. My health is very good, as it has been during the journey, and Mr. Clarke quite recovered his illness, and continued stout and well. I had with great pleasure looked forward to find some letters from home on arriving here, but was totally disappointed. You may conceive how welcome they would have been after traversing such a distant region. Besides, it is so long since the date of your last letter, and it must be so long ere I can ever hear from you again ; but I cannot accuse you of neglect, as on the receipt of the letter from Constantinople you did not see any necessity probably of writing me immediately at Cairo, as my plan was then to go to Aleppo. Had you forwarded any letters here at that period they would have been waiting me full of interesting things. I believe it is said, ‘ As water to a thirsty soul, so is news from a far country.’ The luxury of the former I have often felt, and now can only imagine how sweet would have been the latter. But I hope you are all well, that William is recovered from his illness, that father’s health is good. I have thought sometimes, in those often silent hours on the Nile, what a treat it would be if but for an hour to look in upon the family circle, see you enjoy-

ing yourselves, and then fly back to Egypt again. We left Cairo on the 25th of August. The first town at which we stopped was Benisuef, with a barracks and a number of Albanian troops. The Pasha has a great number of these men in his service. They are fine fellows, are very well paid, and are placed in all the towns in Upper Egypt. We often stopped in the morning and evening at the villages to procure some necessaries, which enabled us to see more of the country, and was an agreeable relief from the cangia. One evening, having walked a mile to a village, and being seated on the trunk of a tree, the Turkish commandant came up, ordered a good supply of milk to be procured, and invited us to take coffee with him. Accompanying him to the top of a bank, a carpet was spread on the ground—the open air being more pleasant than within doors, as the sun was just set,—and sherbet was brought. He would not suffer his servant to receive any present, and requested us to dine with him next day, but as this would have detained us too long it was declined. He went with us half-way to the boat, and then politely took his leave. This is not the only instance of kindness received from the Turks ;

indeed, I cannot coincide with father's expressions, who in one of his letters calls them barbarians. The weather was uniformly delightful, and the sunsets of a richness and splendour to be beheld perhaps nowhere but in Egypt. In two or three days more we arrived at the house of a Mr. Brine. This gentleman is an Englishman, and conducts a sugar-refinery for the Pasha, and has some share of the profit, or commission on what is sold. He is remarkable for his hospitality to travellers, particularly English. He was at this time at Alexandria, but his clerk, Mr. Sloane, supplied his place. After dining there we took our leave, as we had arrived early in the morning. On reaching the boat we found he had generously sent on board a couple of sheep and a number of fowls as a present; most part of the former were given to the sailors, as meat will not keep good long in this country. I was wrong in supposing the time of the Nile's overflowing to be rather improper for the journey. Mr. Salt told me it was one of the best months, that is, if you could bear the heat, and the scenery was improved by the inundation. Reached Manfalut next, and witnessed a dance of the Almeks, of a nature worse than even the

accounts of its voluptuousness had depicted ; Siout, the capital of the province, on the day following—in a very pleasing situation, and has a palace of the Governor. Afterwards arrived at Girge. The shores of the Nile now formed a chain of lofty and precipitous mountains of rocks, on the left hand called the Arabian chain. On the right, thrown some miles back, with a space of cultivated land between it and the river, stretched the Libyan ; the former frequently rose abruptly from the water's edge. The river also became gradually wider ; in general a mile, sometimes three or four miles, wide. The scenery was often of a very striking nature. At the foot of these vast masses of rock of a light colour, you beheld groups of a most vivid verdure : the palm, the plantain, and the sycamore spreading in front of the cottages, the camels silently grazing beside, or the herds of goats or buffaloes winding their way. It was evening when we came to Keneh, a town with a mean bazaar, but plenty of excellent lemons and limes. The shops were in general only a small square enclosure of mud walls covered, and opened in front to admit light and customers. Here a barber plies his trade ; there you see a merchant

of the place seat himself on the elevated seat, covered with a mat, in his little shop ; sets his few baskets of articles before him, takes off his slippers, assumes his pipe, never asks you to buy his wares, but remains contentedly the whole day. There are always a number of coffee-shops in every bazaar ; being in general only one apartment, from which in different parts of the day coffee is carried round to the traders in small cups. The morning, for they are very early, is always commenced in this way. Strolling through the bazaar in the afternoon, I sat down adjoining a most notable barber's shop, with whom my servant soon picked an acquaintance. This occupation is more respectable in the East than with us. He was not like many of his countrymen, for he was a Turk, grave and reserved, but of a most social humour, with all the air of a *bon vivant*. He had some handsome rings on his fingers, had a fine countenance, and took snuff with the grimace of a Frenchman. He was of some order of dervishes, and instead of having his head close-shaved, his turban concealed a profusion of raven locks of great length and beauty. He professed himself to have very liberal sentiments about religion,—that all men who were

honest, etc., had an equal chance. On our return to Kenh he came down to the side of the boat, and in his dignified step, large pistols, and good address it was impossible to have discovered a barber. The ruins of the temple of Tentyra being about two miles from the opposite shore, we crossed over, and took a couple of asses, as it was rather too warm to walk. This fine temple, the most complete and perfect ruin of its kind in Egypt, stands with a beautiful plain in front, with a desert stretching behind it, and some barren mountains. What an excellent site for a city would this plain be, but at present, if you except a scattered group or two of trees, it is all covered with grass, rank and useless! The grand portico, which, like in most other Egyptian temples, is the finest and worthiest part to be seen, the great labour and ornaments of the architecture being bestowed there; for the body of the temples can be very imperfectly seen, and that with torches, most of the apartments being obstructed by the rubbish or sunk beneath the surface. The portico of Tentyra is of the most massive architecture, especially the capitals of the pillars, on each square of which is carved a large head of the goddess Isis.

The ceiling is covered with various devices and emblems, most of which retain some of the painting. The walls are crowded, hieroglyphics, figures of men and women, etc., in different postures, finely cut in bas-relief. We at last quitted this first great antiquity we had seen, and returned on board deeply gratified. The thermometer had been 93° in the shade, September 13th it was 96°, and the day after 100°, on which day the heat felt more oppressive than at any time since leaving England. The mosques in Egypt, several of which I have¹ . . . with the intention of more plunder at a future day. Graves opened and empty were without number. I picked up the foot of a lady. It was so small, and so elegantly formed, with the flesh still adhering to it, that I could have wished to preserve it; it belonged to some beauty probably of five-and-twenty centuries ago, but it smelt so of antiquity that I threw it on the sand again. However, I shall send some things by Mr. Clarke which will be new to you.

But now to come to my future projects. Where do you think I am going next? To Mount Sinai. Mr. Wolf and Mr. C., the servant of the former

¹ Several pages of this interesting letter are missing.

and mine, with the camel-driver, etc., and eight camels, will form a tolerable party. It is by no means an expensive journey ; the hire of a camel for a month costing only nine dollars and two piastres ; and Mr. W. takes his share of the expense, as he is pretty well supplied from England.

We shall pass through the wilderness of Paran, where Moses conducted the Israelites, Rephidim, shall visit the rock of Meribah, etc. etc. Mr. Wolf is so delighted to meet with any company, and he is so willing to go wherever I go, so that after taking a passage for Mr. Clarke at Alexandria he will accompany me through Palestine.

Thus far a gracious Providence has kept me in safety and in health, and will still be over me, I would hope, to the end. You appear at home to have had fears that this journey might be destructive to my religion, and must have wondered to have found no mention of the subject in my letters. But I could not write on what the heart felt little interest in ; the journey and its varieties, scenes, and events had such a dissipating power. This state of mind continued till the voyage to the Nile, and there it knew a total change. Many have been the happy moments enjoyed in

this voyage, and never did Divine mercy or the glories of the future open with such power and sweetness to my mind. These are not fleeting feelings. I feel persuaded they will continue, and this future progress will be the source, I would hope, of blessing . . .¹ of evil. There is no danger in travelling through Palestine now . . .² country and in the way to Sinai all is tranquil. I will write you again from Alexandria on my return, and I earnestly hope to find letters from home at Cairo.

But now I must come to the subject of my companion. His behaviour to me has been extremely respectful during this voyage, and he has done all in his power to make himself agreeable. It is, however, a very extraordinary business. Talking last evening about his return, I was quite astonished to find that he had come with the idea of being paid for his company, besides all his expenses. He says this was the expectation his relations in London gave him; if so, they were all greatly to blame in never giving me the least intimation of it. Had they done so, he would never have come a step with me; had Mr.

¹ MS. torn.

² A few words destroyed.

Clarke ever hinted a syllable of this in France, etc., he should have returned ; but till last evening I was quite ignorant of the existence of such an expectation. I cannot acquit Dr. Clarke, or some others of the family, in keeping me wholly in the dark. Mr. Clarke, my companion, says he could not feel at all easy about it, and he now allows I was ignorantly led into it.

We were conversing one afternoon at Mr. Hook's house in London, when Dr. Clarke said, with some concern, You ought by all means to have a companion ; I cannot be easy that you should go without one. All at once, to use his own expression, the idea of his nephew struck him ; he spoke to me in his praise, and said he should go with me, to which I willingly agreed. It was altogether a hasty business. He had not a farthing in his pocket when he came with me ; he borrowed ten pounds of his brother to buy a new coat in London, which, from some words he has dropped, his brother thought he might have money of me to pay him again before he left London, but expected him to pay on his return. He borrowed five pounds of a friend to pay his passage up to London from Millbrook, and these

two debts he now looks for money of me to pay when he goes back. These things I never knew till now. I think your surprise will be strongly excited. What generous or handsome feeling could his relations have possessed to throw a young man on me thus destitute? but it seems I was expected to do everything. He knows not a word of any language but his own, and I have asked him what have been his services, or what can they possibly be, to expect a compensation for? He has given up the idea of this, which previously, I think, was not very sanguine, and I shall give him the sum of twenty pounds to put in his pocket, namely, the fifteen before mentioned, and five more for any expenses in England. It is, however, true that he left taking a situation under Mr. Rawley, who married one of the Miss Clarkes, and which the Dr. had procured for him, to come with me. And it is upon this ground, my dear mother, that I would earnestly beg of you to entreat father, if he could possibly, anywhere, get some place or situation for him. I do not flatter Mr. C. about it, because I know how difficult such a thing is now to be procured. Not that I think in justice or honour there is the least ground

for such a benefit, but it would save all unpleasant reflections from every quarter. I know I have given father trouble enough already, but if he would but try what he could do on this occasion. And now I have another favour to ask for myself. Father has mentioned, as he thought we might not go to Egypt, the money sent me would be quite enough; but he ought to consider that Mr. Clarke's expenses have been a small invasion on it, and also his passage home is to come. The seventy pounds paid in London for the passage to Smyrna was all lost. It is pleasing now, however, after troubles past, to see my way clear and difficulties disappearing. But all my present stock of money may be exhausted by my journey in the East, and I wish to return through Italy and Switzerland—it being in my way, and the only opportunity I may ever have of seeing those countries.

I beg that father would send me a credit to Naples, say of two hundred pounds; this will not be too much, and the last I shall ask him for. Let him finish his list of kindnesses by this final one, and I must wait till my return to prove that I do feel grateful. He can send the credit to the house

of Hinto & Co., William's correspondents. Do give me the pleasure of seeing the famous things of Italy and the beautiful Switzerland in my way. I do endeavour to economise ; it was impossible to have done without a servant on the Nile, as we could not speak a word of the language, besides many other things to be done. And in my progress, if I have to pitch the tent, pack and unpack all the baggage, dress my meat, etc., etc., how could I possibly get through the fatigues of travelling, and I could only converse with the people by signs ?

My servant is a most excellent one ; he speaks six languages, English included. He is a Slavonian by birth ; has been in the service of several English gentlemen ; he has read ancient history, and travelled through every country in Europe, and can converse in a sensible manner. And now, my dear mother, it is time to conclude, if my very long letter does not tire your patience. Give my most affectionate love to all at home—to father, William, my brother and sister at Penzance and at St. Creet, to Mr. Boase, and all my other friends, and believe me your affectionate son,

JOHN CARNE.

CAIRO, 29th Oct.

LETTER VI.

TO HENRY BOASE.

Written from Alexandria, 18th December 1821.

ALEXANDRIA, 18th December 1821.

DEAR SIR,—It is a pleasure I have long proposed, to give you some account of my progress, with the hope it might be interesting to you. . . . Since I saw you last, what a variety of scenes¹ . . . path led through. . . . The voyage to Upper Egypt was a very delightful one. . . . After the many books of travels you read on this country, and the various pictures which imagination draws, the reality appears entirely different. After leaving Cairo, the scenery on the Nile began to be extremely beautiful, but the cultivated part, of which the soil is so rich, is only a space on each side of a few miles in breadth, enclosed between two deserts or chains of lofty and naked mountains. With proper cultivation this country might be made almost the richest in the world; but the people are extremely oppressed, which increases

¹ MS. illegible.

their natural indolence ; vast tracts of fine plains are left to become a wilderness. Were the villages, instead of the dirty hue of unburnt bricks, only whitewashed with a little of the neatness of our English ones, they would look lovely amidst the groves of palms. But the climate compensates for many privations. The thermometer was pretty high on the Nile—93°, 95°, and twice 100° in the shade. The temple of Tentyra was the first we visited, and is considered the most perfect in Egypt. Finely situated, the portico is 163 feet in length, with pillars of a very colossal kind of architecture ; their capitals having on each square a large head of Isis : these, as well as the walls, are covered with hieroglyphics. The temple can only be entered in one part, and that by torchlight ; the bas-reliefs, and its walls, and those of a small ruined temple near by, were the finest and best finished of any we saw in Egypt. You can hardly help lamenting that some of the expense and labour bestowed in excavating near the Pyramids, to very little purpose, is not given to clear these temples from the rubbish in which they are in general buried. The columns of the porticoes are often half-buried, but the interior of the temples

behind are in general invisible. With some difficulty a stone was pulled out from the brick part of the ruin of Tentyra, with some curious hieroglyphics on it, which, with another I purchased at a small village with other curiosities, I shall be glad to send home, and hope they will arrive safe from injury. There are none of the ruins strike the traveller so strongly as those of the vast temple of Karnac, at Thebes, particularly the granite portico, with its numerous ranges of columns; without any ornament, they seem indeed made for eternity, being in excellent preservation, of great height, and 28 feet in circumference. Thebes must once have been a city of great extent; the ruins of Kurnu, Medinet Abou, etc., on the opposite shore belong to it. The marble of Egypt is very coarse and in no great quantity; it is scarcely ever found in the ruins, which are in general built of stone, and that of a fine quality; but the granite, of which the pillars are sometimes composed, is very fine. But it is very difficult to procure anything here; the greedy antiquaries have carried off all that was rare and portable. You would really think, if you saw the devastations committed in the great burial-place of ancient Thebes, they were

treasures of gold and silver they were in search of. The poor Egyptians have had their precious remains torn up from their graves, their deep vaults, and secret places. Men, women, and children, beauties, warriors, and philosophers of all ranks and ages have come to light again. You see bones, arms, legs, and parts of the flesh scattered about. An Englishman I got acquainted with at Cairo, had carried off a lady's leg, determined to have something antique, and put it in his trunk. I asked him if the odour was not a little strong of past ages; he said, he wished his friends at home to see a specimen of a mummy in its natural state. The Egyptian ruins make a greater impression from their situation at the foot of naked precipices or in the deep solitudes of the desert; the perfection they still exhibit in their ornaments, and even painting, and their imperishable appearance, afford a most interesting contrast. No spots afforded me so much delight as the island of Philoe and Elephantine; the groves, the walks, and the cottage scenes of the latter were quite a luxury after often wandering amidst sands and dreariness. The former little isle is covered with noble antiquities, even to the water's edge. The Nile

appears to have changed its course materially in the course of time . . . The ruins of the temples of Ombos, which stand on a spot commanding a most lovely and extensive prospect, have been partly lost by this means. Their pillars have the same majestic capitals as those of Tentyra, but the river washes almost their feet; nearly the whole gateway of the portico and the entire body of one temple have sunk and disappeared, and half the lofty gate-pier of the other. Not far from these was an interesting scene of a deserted convent, in a little valley near the water, between lofty mountains; the apartments of which, some were fine, were all hewn out of the rock. We expected to find some inhabitants, and called several times, but received no answer; their little cemetery, in the valley beneath, was all overgrown, but full of very neat tombstones, covered with inscriptions of the fathers who had yielded up their lives in this interesting solitude. We returned to Cairo deeply gratified and delighted, after an absence of two months. There is little magnificence in this city. I went a few days ago, since the return from Mount Sinai, to see the Pasha's palace and gardens at Shiribra, a few miles off. They give you some

idea of oriental magnificence. The oranges were in profusion, of a most beautiful hue, and lemons of an immense size. The palace was not large, but some of the apartments were most richly ornamented. There was one spacious one—I could not help wishing for the carpets, of the most costly and elegant kind—the elevated seats and cushions, the recesses all suited well to enjoyment and tranquillity, and had some attractions for a traveller who had lived near a month in the desert, and had lodged and fared hard.

But I will now tell you of our journey to Mount Sinai, in company of a Mr. Wolf,¹ a gentleman who is an Oriental scholar, and a missionary for the conversion of the Jews. We had eight camels, four Arabs, and two servants. The tent-pole breaking the first night, throughout the journey afterwards we had no canopy but the sky; our mattress laid on the sand, and a blanket or cloak for a covering. The splendour of the nights was exceeding great, and the sunrise incomparable.

¹ Compare Dr. Wolff's account of this adventure as given in his *Travels and Adventures*: London, 1860, vol. i. pp. 197-206; also Mr. Carne's own account, published in *Letters from the East*, second edition, 1826, vol. i. pp. 223-255.

On the fourth day we reached Suez, the way being through plains of sand, with scarcely the slightest appearance of vegetation.

You may view us here, if you will ; picture often at daybreak a group of Arabs assembled round a blazing fire, smoking and baking their flat cakes in the embers, the camels standing round ; and a few Europeans, on one side, rising from their rude couch or taking their breakfast—and at night halting amidst those wide solitudes, where no light was to be seen but from their little camp, and no sound heard but from their own voices. From Suez six days' journey brought us to Mount Sinai ; the scenes in the desert for the last three days were very fine and wild, the path being amidst rocks and mountains of every possible form, with small valleys interspersed, where the palm-tree sometimes grew all lonely. But the scenery all around Mount Sinai is magnificent beyond description. We arrived late at night at the convent, and were pulled up by a rope through the window, the walls being high and strong, as a defence against the Arabs. The fathers, about twenty-five in number, are of the Greek Church. The convent was founded by the Emperor

Justinian. The fathers certainly deserve to find their way to a better world for living here. They never go beyond the convent to take any exercise for fear of the Arabs ; the precipices rise fearfully around them, and they are often besieged from morning to night by the musketry of the Arabs, and are obliged to give them bread, brandy, etc. Their garden is a most romantic spot, to which they go by a subterraneous passage. They have a handsome and large church, with a floor of beautiful marble. Among the curiosities shown here is the spot where stood the Burning Bush ; a small altar stands above it, and three small lamps, dimly lighted, fixed around. On the third day, with an Arab guide, we ascended the summit, where Moses received the Law. It is small, and two apartments formerly used for chapels still remain there. You are surprised at seeing beneath so few places where the hosts of Israel could have stood. The valley, about half a mile broad and pretty long, through which we first approached the mountains, and a plain, near the Rock of Meribah, are the most open parts of the country round. On every side, as far as the eye can reach, nothing hardly is to be seen but vast

ranges of mountains, utterly barren, and divided only by narrow valleys and ravines. Descending half-way, and taking another direction, we entered at last into a narrow valley, along which ran a line of beautiful verdure. Here, in the midst of the cypress, the olive, and the poplar trees, stood a deserted monastery with its deserted garden, and dark and lofty precipices rose all round. The apartments here were still entire, and in a small one in the upper story the two Arabs lighted a fire. We ate our simple supper and lay down on some shrubs spread on the floor for our bed. Early next morning we set out for St. Catherine, the loftiest of all these mountains. The ascent was extremely fatiguing, and the air very cold. After descending again to the monastery, our guide led us for some distance down the narrow valley to the spot where stands the famous Rock of Meribah. It is a most curious object, and still bears all the evidence of the miracle about it—the four holes in the breadth of the rock, about a foot and a half long each, and the channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. But we were now to pass into another and strange scene of life, for on approaching the convent we

were surrounded and taken prisoners by twelve Arabs armed with matchlock guns and sabres. Among them were three sheiks. They had a quarrel with the convent for having refused their demand of a contribution of provisions, and they seized on us till it should be complied with. One of them presented his pistol with angry gestures; he was the most savage of the party. They led us down the valley to their place of rest, beside some low and broken walls, for it was night. A large fire was kindled, round which the party assembled. A cloak was laid on the ground for the bed of the three captives, whose great fatigues deserved a softer one, for the night was cold.

The next morning we were marched off, on camels, to their camp, two or three days' journey distant. We marched all day, often at a brisk pace, through the desert, and arrived, long after dark, at the place of repose. This was on the sand beside some high bushes, through which the cold wind whistled. Yet the scene was wild and impressive, as the Arabs, in their white turbans and drapery, stood round the fire, and the moonlight fell on the black precipices around. Our fare

was rather hard ; some cake made of coarse flour and water, and a little coffee, without milk or sugar, was all our repast, and the same awaited us, after a hard lodging, for breakfast. Our route was through the valley of Paran, where Moses led the Israelites ; it is in general narrow, with very romantic scenery, enclosed on each side by naked mountains of granite, along whose breasts often ran beautiful veins of white, red, and blue marble. Its barrenness is sometimes relieved, but rarely, by rich groves of palm and other trees. After passing through some interesting scenes—for we had stopped to visit a tribe, friendly to those who took us—we arrived on the third day at the camp. That camp is fixed in memory for ever : indeed it was the valley of desolation ; let those who have extolled the joys of savage over . . . ¹ life be confined there a few weeks. About fifteen tents stood in a line, on a bed of sand about four hundred yards wide ; on each side rose black and craggy mountains. We had been closely watched before ; but there was no need of that here, for where could we go ?

A tent was allotted us by Hassan, the tall and

¹ MS. torn.

fine-looking chief, whose prisoners we were, and to whom this camp chiefly belonged. The tent had only three sides, being quite open in front, as all the others were. I spent great part of the day among the rocks, and amused myself in thinking of other regions and lovelier scenes, till the sinking of the sun, early behind the heights, drove me down into the tent again. O how heavy time hung on our hands—no book, nothing that could in the least interest around; for each tent was a kind of sanctuary, which we might not dare to violate, on account of their women being there. Ledyard, the traveller, has said he found women in every clime ever kind and ready to relieve his wants, but he could never have been in these countries. Hassan's tent was next to ours; he had two wives, and sometimes the canvas, that formed the side of both tents, was lifted up, and a face made its appearance, shrouded up to the eyes, to which some dark fingers pointed. The poor girl's eyes were far from brilliant; they appeared to be affected, and she probably wished to have some remedy from us to apply to them. Her wrists were loaded with massive ornaments, of horn and

silver; but the moment the chief was seen approaching, the canvas instantly dropped, and she disappeared. Crusoe's lonely island was a paradise to this prison of nature; he could roam amidst fountains and groves, hear their music, and gaze on the ocean. The chief noise in the camp was the barking of dogs; your view went no further than the precipices near, or on the sun gradually brightening them, till the valley of sand beneath was hot and dazzling. The Arabs were very civil, and declared we should suffer no injury. They would often sit for hours, at the mouth of our tent, round the fire, chatting and smoking. They had no religion, for I never saw one of them at prayers. They were of the tribe of Hormida, and were considered rich, though their own way of living, and ours, was poor enough. Their manner of eating was not very tempting. The coarse flat cakes, after being baked, were broken into pieces, in a large bowl, then mixed with water and a little fat. This was a favourite dish. A circle was formed round the bowl, and each one, dipping his hand into this rare mixture, conveyed a large portion at each time to his mouth. The two servants stayed behind at the convent, from which

they were in no hurry to come, being there at the time of our capture: our bedding, baggage, etc., were also with them. But our release was nearer than we expected. A sheik, from Suez, chanced to arrive in camp, and interested himself in our behalf. He went to his brother, who lived at some distance, and persuaded him to return with him. This was the chief Saleh, the head sheik of all the tribes around. Then their consultations began.

Hassan strongly opposed our release till the quarrel with the convent was brought to some conclusion. The sheiks came in from various parts around, to the number of near forty. You would have been amused to have seen them sitting in a circle, or in two long rows with a chief at their head. It would really have appeared a business of great importance. But it was of consequence to them; they had violently seized on strangers, especially English, under the immediate protection of the Pasha, who would be sure to resent it. Moreover they were often dependent on Egypt for a supply of corn. Saleh's influence prevailed, and in spite of the earnest remonstrances of our captors, for the debates were sometimes

carried on in a high tone, it was resolved we should be immediately set at liberty.¹

Hassan, at last, resolved to conduct us himself to Cairo; he began to be apprehensive for the consequences, and to make every amends in his power. He, with his people, had at first used a high tone, and set the Pasha's power at defiance. We travelled through the deserts, in three days, to the shores of the Red Sea, opposite the spot where the Israelites crossed. It is a valley about six miles broad, between opposing mountains. The Red Sea is here a fine sheet of water about eight miles wide. Three days more brought us to Suez, and, leaving that place in the evening, we reached Cairo the fourth day after, the journey being through deserts, with scarcely the slightest vegetation. Thus have I brought my various wanderings back again to Cairo. Mr. Salt had been rather apprehensive for our safety, as an order had been procured (during his absence at Alexandria) by his secretary, from the Kiaya Bey to the Aga of Suez, to bring in the Arab chief

¹ For a further account of Hassan's adventures and death at Cairo, about two years later, see *Recollections of Travels in the East*, London, 1830, pp. 257-271.

prisoner, who had taken us, by a Turkish armed force. After spending a week in Cairo we came to Alexandria ; here Mr. Clarke embarks, in a few days, for England, and I take passage for St. Jean d'Acre. Mr. Wolf having changed his intention of staying longer at Cairo, was to proceed overland to Jerusalem, with a caravan: he will reside in that city perhaps for two or three years. After seeing Palestine, I shall go to Damascus and Balbec ; and, if there is any possibility, I must go and see Palmyra. I can expect no letters from my friends in such an uncertain journey ; but I shall be very glad to hear from you at Naples. Please give my particular remembrances to Mrs. and the Misses Boase. I hope Maria's health has recovered the severe shock it experienced.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours most truly,

JOHN CARNE.

Pardon my very long letter.

LETTER VII.

TO HIS MOTHER.

From Jerusalem in Spring of 1822.

A great part of this Letter has been lost, but fortunately his impressions have been preserved and may be read in the 13th, 14th, and 15th *Letters from the East*.

MY DEAR MOTHER,---The return to England direct of Major Mackworth, a most amiable young man, from this city gives me an excellent occasion to tell you of my welfare. I am now in the sacred city, in the Catholic convent. From Egypt I landed near Acre, thence proceeded to Tyre and Sidon, both of which I have visited twice, and then to Beirout, a town finely situated near the foot of Mount Lebanon. The almost continued rainy weather obliged me to remain there three weeks, during which I experienced the kindest attention from Mr. Abbott, the English Consul, who came there two or three days after my arrival, and, as soon as he procured a house, made me reside with him. You imagine, perhaps, Tyre, as some travellers have described it, a scene of ruins, with

a few wretched cottages of fishermen. Judge of my surprise at finding a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, with some very good houses, walls, gates, and two small convents. I passed a short time agreeably there, and found the Syrians very friendly. Wishing at last to proceed to Balbec and Damascus, I left Beirout, and visited in Mount Lebanon the Prince of the Druzes, who has a good palace, and who invited me to spend the night there. After dining in the afternoon I left for Dalil Camar, the principal town of the Druzes, where I passed a week among this singular people, in the midst of the steep and barren heights of Lebanon. A war had broken out between the Prince, united with the Pasha of Acre, against the Pasha of Damascus. The Druzes' Prince assured me it was not safe to go to the latter city, and he could not protect me further than Balbec. The snow made the way to Balbec impassable. I thus waited at Dalil Camar a week, in the hope that it would melt; but it augmented, and I returned to Sidon, to proceed through the Holy Land. With infinite pleasure I have traversed Mount Carmel, which took me nearly a day—a noble and luxuriant mountain, in several places I rode beneath its

profusion of foliage. On reaching at last the opposite summit, the celebrated Plain of Esdraelon was just beneath, with the river Kishon flowing through it, bounded by Mounts Tabor and Hermon. ‘Is it not a glorious land?’ were the words I spoke; for the scene was most beautiful, but yet mournful to see scarcely one village or cottage along an expanse which, if cultivated, would be like the Garden of Eden. The second day after, I reached Nazareth, and visited Cana. I have not room to tell you of the many interesting things here. I ascended Mount Tabor, standing alone graceful and striking, its summit and one-third of its sides covered with wood; since then, passed by the ruins of Cæsarea to Joppa, to Rama, and at last Jerusalem. But how shall I describe to you what must be seen to form any just idea of? I once thought the scenes of the sorrows and death of our Lord around here, from their present appearance, would weaken rather than augment any good impressions. But I find I was quite mistaken. In a future letter I shall be able to give you some account. The city is not very ruinous, and the sacred valleys of Jehoshaphat, of Jeremiah, and of Hinnom are, all around, of such a romantic

appearance—olive-trees in their bosom, and grey and naked rocks forming their sides. The Mount of Olives, gradually rising on the other side the precipice, is a beautiful hill. Bethphage is still there, and a mile further is Bethany, and the Sepulchre, which you enter with lights, awful and impressive, as if Lazarus had been newly risen. It is most illusive to think you know or can picture such scenes from the perusal of books. What delight I am sure would you or father feel, could you suddenly stand on Mount Zion, or in the Field of Blood, as I have done to-day, or go to the valley and drink of the water of Siloam ! I shall visit soon the Dead Sea and Jericho. The troubles around are great at present ; but I hope to join a caravan of Damascus, thence to Balbec over Lebanon, and Acre or Joppa, to take passage to Alexandria. My health is very good. Many and interesting have been the scenes of Eastern life, etc., I have mingled in since my last ; and many yet remain for me. Give my kindest love to father, and to all. I hope you are all well, yet I cannot envy your tranquil state, while now in the midst of such eternal scenes. It is night, and my lamp is burning on the table of my small

apartment. The day after to-morrow I go to Bethlehem, and sleep in the wilderness of St. John. My lonely journeys are very happy without company.—I am, my dear Mother, yours most affectionately,
JOHN CARNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. JOSEPH CARNE.

From Cyprus, 20th May 1822.

See *Letters from the East*, vol. ii. pp. 1-180.

None of the people mentioned in this Letter have been identified with any certainty. Major Mackworth was probably some relation of the Mrs. William Cubitt who resided at White House, near Cardiff, in 1875.

DEAR SISTER,—I did not think to be able to send a letter in a regular channel so soon. You have received, I hope, the one given to Major Mackworth, dated from Jerusalem. But no intelligence ever reaches me now from home; the letters which arrived at Alexandria were the last: but I earnestly hope you are all well. My journey through the Holy Land was full of the most delightful interest, though attended with many

delays and difficulties. No period could ever be more unfortunate than this has been for visiting Palestine and Syria, from the incessant warfare between the Princes. How greatly has the Holy Land been misrepresented! Were labour and cultivation again bestowed on it, few regions would excel many parts of it for richness and beauty. I have been so fortunate as to see it completely with the exception of a few parts; but it was not without some risk. The journey to the Dead Sea was the most dangerous part of all my travels, but there was no alternative. The Governor of Jerusalem, though in general polite, yet refused me a guard to Jericho, owing to the very disturbed state of the country, as they were killing each other at Naplouse, about nine hours from Jerusalem. Mr. Gethin (a young Irish gentleman, the companion of Major Mackworth) and I went together to the Hill of Engedi, to view the cave where David cut off the skirt of Saul's garment. From the mountain was a very extensive scene, and I resolved, with my servant, let what would happen, to try to arrive at the Dead Sea, on foot, by a route which no traveller had ever attempted before.

Antonio, the young man who was guide from the convent, said all he could to prevent it, telling of mountains of soft sand, and paths which it would be scarcely possible to pass: besides the villages of lawless Arabs which lay in the way. However, after many persuasions, and the prospect of being well paid, he consented to go. Mr. Gethin and his servant went back to Jerusalem, after Michel, my faithful servant, had deposited nearly all my money in the hand of that gentleman, and amused me by the details he gave him how his own little property should be disposed of, in case he should never return. I disguised myself as a common Arab, with a ragged cloth on my head for a turban, and an old kind of outside vest. An Arab, who lived with his family in the cave, fortunately came up at this moment, and giving him part of our arms, we all started instantly at midday, descending the hill into the wilderness of a wild and singular character. All night nearly our march was continued; it was full of danger and fatigue, and could only have succeeded through the silence and obscurity of the hour. But you may imagine my delight when we arrived at last at the Dead Sea, though nearly

exhausted with such rapid walking. Long ere we reached Jericho, our water was exhausted, and thirst was added to fatigue. The Governor of Jericho swore by his religion he had never known such an enterprise succeed before ; as many pilgrims had been cut off by the Arabs near whose habitations, in the dead of night, we had passed unobserved.

I took some of his guards and horses, and returned by the direct route to Jerusalem, after several days' absence, and found the good fathers of the convent were going the next day, in case I had not come, to request the Governor of Jerusalem to send some of his soldiers in search of me. It was very fortunate that the journey was thus accomplished, else I should never have seen the Dead Sea, as in a very few days after my return, the Governor of Jericho arrived at the city, with thirty soldiers, completely armed, to go and fight at Naplouse. You can have no conception, except you were on the spot, of the interest attached to every walk round the Holy City.

I spent two nights at the Sacred Sepulchre, and Mount Calvary, which can never be forgotten. At last we began to think of our departure, and

leaving for ever those scenes where we could still have lingered. We proceeded to Rama, and next day to Jaffa; and the same evening sailed for Acre, where after a short passage, we arrived. I could not bear to leave the country without visiting the Lake of Tiberias, etc., and above all, Damascus. After revolving different plans, a guide at last presented himself—Contesini, perfectly well acquainted with the various roads, and offered to conduct us to Damascus. He was a respectable man, and we agreed to set out with him. On the second evening after leaving Acre, we reached Tiberias, where the accommodations are infamous, and it is celebrated by Dr. Clarke, and others, for the armies of fleas established there. But we were peculiarly fortunate in having letters to a very rich old Jew, whose disposition was, however, said to be so penurious that we doubted of our reception. But he behaved very handsomely; we had luxurious lodgings and good fare: the more unexpected, as he had never received any other traveller save Lady H. Stanhope.

After visiting the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord delivered His Sermon, and the spot, still pointed out, where the five thousand were fed,

on the second day we continued our journey. Six days more, through scenes always changing, and being once obliged to take another route, more safe, we arrived at the capital of Syria. The armies of the two Pashas had engaged a few weeks before on one of the roads we had passed, and three of the commanders of the Damascus army were beheaded near the city, for flying in a battle fought a few days after our arrival. No language can do justice to the glory of the Plain of Damascus; the tradition is not without reason of the Garden of Eden having been there. Such a mass of beautiful foliage to a vast extent, almost every kind of fruit tree in luxuriant abundance, so that you walk through a continuation of gardens, watered by the seven rivers, which run also through the city, and all bordered by grey mountains perfectly barren. All this has the most splendid and Oriental aspect possible. This was a city to observe the manners, etc., of the Turks to perfection; much more than Constantinople, for no one can venture to appear in a European dress. As I always preferred living in the style and habits of the East, we resided in the house of a rich native. Our apartment was very large and lofty, the upper part spread

with carpets and cushions ; the lower floored with elegant marble, and a fountain in the middle.

After a fortnight's stay we left the city, and in two days arrived at Balbec, a very noble ruin, not so extensive, but much better preserved than Palmyra. I would certainly have gone to Palmyra, five days' journey from Damascus, if it had not been for the enormous expense attending it. Since the visit of Lady [H.] Stanhope here this is greatly increased. The Arab sheik who conducts you demands at least a thousand piastres ; some hundreds more must be given to the Arabs at the ruins ; altogether amounting to fifty pounds, which I could neither afford, and, if I had been able, should not have thought myself justified in giving. From Balbec three days more brought us to Beirout, where I was received most kindly by Mr. Abbott. With respect to Lady [H.] Stanhope, I came into the country with a great desire to see her, which was considerably abated by the many stories I heard from good authority of her most eccentric conduct. She is very clever, but deranged beyond all doubt. Mr. Abbott, the Consul, having known her in England, spent a few days at her house. I rode there on my first arrival at Sidon, but my servant

in his hurry left behind Mr. Allen's letter, and I sent in another, which was answered by a polite message delivered by Miss Williams, the lady residing with her, that her Ladyship hoped I would not be offended, but she could not deviate from the resolution she had formed not to see English travellers. About a month after this her Ladyship despatched two letters after me, one of them to Dalil Camar, the town of the Druzes, intimating that she would receive me with pleasure, if I would visit her residence again. I believe the chief cause of this to have been her understanding I had a letter¹ from Mr. Allen, whom she highly respected. I had also two more verbal intimations through the Consul and a rich Turk, a friend of hers, to the same effect as the letters, but I did not trouble her a second time. After passing a few days amidst the romantic scenery of Beirout, we sailed for Cyprus, and had a most tedious passage of five days. We are now situated in Cyprus, at the house of the Consul, very agreeably. He is a Greek, but a very hospitable man . . .² pleasant, airy apartments, the weather being very hot. My

¹ See *Letters from the East*, vol. i. pp. 268-272.

² ms. defaced.

companion¹ . . .² is an agreeable young man. Major Mackworth, who came overland from India, . . .² met in Egypt, and proceeded together to the Holy Land, but the former soon returned to England. No traveller except ourselves appears to have been in Palestine, or these parts, for months. We are now setting out on a most agreeable excursion into . . .² three or four days, to visit Cytherea, Idalia, etc., and shall depart for Smyrna . . .² passage.

CYPRUS, 10th May.

After a delightful excursion of eight days . . .² are returned. In three or four more I shall take my departure . . .² Gethin having . . .² Constantinople will take a different . . .²

There is a vessel . . .² here to the island of Zante, as I found on my return, and touches at Cerigo, in which I shall . . .² My next letter will be either from the former isle, or Sicily. At Naples I hope to receive many letters from home; by the time I arrive there my money will be quite exhausted, and I shall be in long arrears of wages to my servant, besides the necessity of having new

¹ Probably a Mr. Gethin.

² Ms. torn.

European clothes. I shall not be able to do at all on a less sum than what I have mentioned to father in my former letters. I earnestly hope he has not given me a credit for less. Before I reach Naples there will be yet time to send us an answer to this letter there, either to me or to the merchant. We are yet in the Consul's house, a most agreeable asylum. I trust you and my brother Joseph are well. Give my affectionate love to him and to father and mother, William, James, and Mrs. Carne, and particularly remember me to Caroline and all the other children. The girls here in the Consul's house (who has a family of half-a-dozen) are some of them very pretty; wear their hair in long tresses, flowing down two-thirds of their figure behind, and small caps, like turbans, embroidered with gold; but from all I have seen of Greek beauty, it has been too much celebrated. Mr. Clarke must have reached home long ere now, I hope, in health and safety. But it is time to conclude my long letter if it has not tired you already. It will give me the greatest pleasure to receive a letter from you at Naples.—I remain, dear Sister, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

20th May.

LETTER IX.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

Written from Keswick, 20th September 1823.

The Letter written from Abbotsford has unfortunately been lost. In his Letters John always speaks of Mr. Lockhart in terms of warm friendship—he evidently liked, and got on with him. Miss Jane Clarke, my great-aunt, on the other hand, told me repeatedly that she thought Lockhart was most disagreeable. His criticism on John Wilson has been amply verified by the verdict of posterity, and of itself is sufficient to show that John Carne's literary judgment was of a superior order.

KESWICK, *Saturday, 20th September.*

DEAR BROTHER,—My last letter from Abbotsford gave you an account of some interesting scenes in Scotland. I left that place with feelings of regret and attachment, with a kind invitation from Sir Walter to visit it again before winter. Melrose is a very fine ruin, but unfortunately situated; and I was not so fortunate as to see it by moonlight. The east oriel window, through which the moon so vividly shone on the night of the visit to the tomb of Michael Scott, in *The*

Lay, has still a striking and elegant appearance. The most interesting subject on which to hear Scott converse is the Border history and chivalry of Scotland. His countenance is then lightened up as he repeats the heroic ballads of old, and his tranquil smile has uncommon sweetness in it. The best likeness of him was executed by Sir Henry Raeburn; most of those in England are not faithful. From Selkirk, four miles from Abbotsford, I took coach for Windermere, and reached Elleray next day, the seat of John Wilson. It stands in the most beautiful situation of the whole Lake of Windermere. He was out rambling about the lake when I came. Mrs. W. is a very sweet woman, and handsome. Wilson is a perfect contrast of his friend Lockhart. He is of the genuine Saxon beauty; a ruddy complexion, flaxen hair, and the most piercing and wandering light blue eyes you ever beheld. His feats of agility and bodily strength are almost incredible. The last long walk he took was of forty-six miles to a dinner party in Edinburgh. He has traversed all the Highlands, mixed in their cottage life, lived with a tribe of Gipsies, etc. His fertility of imagination is equal to all his bodily energy, and

he writes more rapidly than can well be conceived. His last work he finished in a few weeks. But this facility is a bane to his reputation. It's curious that Lockhart and he accuse each other of the same fault. The former wrote *Valerius*, his best work, in six weeks.

I spent five or six days at Wilson's, very pleasantly, varied with excursions on the lake in his fine pleasure-boat. There was generally company at dinner every day. He is full of vivacity and anecdote in company, with a brilliant wit; but his conversational powers appear to be overrated, and I still prefer the company of Lockhart. They are both almost perfect specimens of the dark and fair kinds of manly beauty, but the large dark eyes and haughty features of the former seem to denote sources of power and passion which are not shadowed forth in the restless and ardent character of Wilson's. It is interesting to observe the love of fame in the young professor's mind. 'It is my great desire,' he said to me, one day, 'beyond the highest rank or dignity that could be given me, to possess but a place in the literature of my country, that my name might go down and my works be read after my death.'

But this he has not yet obtained, and will not till he takes more time and pains about his writings. But do read his *Lights and Shadows*, and *Margaret Lindsay*. Here I met with a most interesting being, whom I had passionately wished to see. You must have read the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, which has made so much noise in the world. His name is De Quincey; he resides near the lake; he gives a description of his residence in one of the last chapters of his book. I called on him one morning. The Opium-Eater was not visible, and I concluded was not risen; but in the evening he was within, having returned from a mountain walk—one of the smallest men you ever saw, with very fine features, and eyes beaming with intellect and opium. His eldest boy, with a beautiful countenance and flaxen hair, was with him. He engaged to come and spend a day and a night at Wilson's. He is an uncommonly clever man, and his interesting conversation, his faded countenance, on which the sense of his past miseries seemed still to rest, and the sweet tone of his voice, made me feel almost attached to him. He has nearly conquered the habit of taking opium, but cannot help now

and then having recourse to his beloved and fatal consolation. But I must go on to another character. I left Wilson's early on Monday morning, and came to Wordsworth's to breakfast. His house stands some miles from the lake and commands a variety of mountain scenery. The forenoon was rainy, but we put on our great-coats, and walked some miles to the waterfalls of Rydal and Ambleside. No man can be a more exquisite judge of picturesque beauty than the celebrated Poet of the Lakes. The rain that had fallen on the preceding days made the falls appear to the greatest advantage. Wordsworth excels in his conversational powers, and sometimes appears conscious of them; but he is a very worthy and amiable man, of middle height, slender, with a very marked and prominent countenance. After dinner he read some of his poetry to me, and he reads it extremely well, which no other poet but Moore is able to do. In the evening young Wordsworth went with our compliments to De Quincey, to come to spend the evening. He came and sat very late, as the night is his time for enjoyment, from his habit of indulgence of opium. We have engaged to meet again, for the oftener

you see De Quincey the more interesting he becomes. The next morning after breakfast Mr. Wordsworth and I set out at ten o'clock, and did not return till eight at night. We first walked down the valley amidst some lovely scenery, and then gradually ascended into a wild region quite destitute of wood and covered with rocks. The sky was gloomy, with occasional falls of rain, but my companion's conversation would beguile the most dreary path or weather.

We came to a fine waterfall amidst a naked and rugged scene. Wordsworth suddenly became silent, and he walked for some time along the rushing stream: its sound amidst the savageness of nature was no doubt inspiring him with some poetical imagery. The ascent, as we advanced, became steeper, and we had reached a most interesting point of view, when he said he wished to repeat to me a passage of his poetry. We sat down on a part of the rock; close on our left was a small lonely mountain lake and the precipices rose wildly around it. Before us was Helvellyn, the highest of all this range, and the sun shone vividly on the low land on the right, while the mountains above were still covered with gloom. It was im-

possible not to be struck with such a scene, and so well suited to the character of the man ; and the lines he repeated with energy were on 'Enterprise' inciting to visit the far and the savage scene ; the path of the Euphrates, the burning wild, the storm-lashed and dreary shore. At last we arrived at the summit of the mountain, and enjoyed a very extensive prospect. Descending rapidly, we reached a waterfall situated in a dark glen, and exceeding in beauty all the falls I ever saw. A natural slender arch of the rock was flung, fairy-like, across the glen, on a level with the top of the waterfall, which, from its situation, could never receive any ray of the sun. But there is not probably one feature of beauty, grand or minute, about the lakes which is not intimately known to Mr. W. The Vale of Langdale, into which we descended, is justly celebrated for the charm of its scenery. About five o'clock we came wet and jaded to a neat cottage, in a group of trees in the valley, and most welcome was the hearth with its blazing fire, and the tea and cake, which was all the fare they could give us. However, we quite enjoyed our repast and adventures. Two hours more travelling, chiefly in the dark, brought us

home, where the ladies had been wondering at our long absence. Next morning, after breakfast, I took coach for Keswick, near which Mr. Southey lives. Mr. W. gave me an introduction to him; it was impossible to have a better, as they are bosom friends. The Poet of the Lakes (Wordsworth) is very retired in his habits, and extremely amiable in his domestic circle. No man can have conversed with nature in all her forms, amidst his lonely walks, more than he. Reached Keswick at noon; this lake appears to me the finest of those I have seen, and is thought in general to excel all the others. Windermere is the largest, and its scenery is particularly rich; that of Keswick is grander—the mountains on its banks, particularly Skiddaw, being of great height, and it is studded with a number of islands. But the loveliest of all the lakes is the little one of Grasmere. I went in a boat yesterday round the lake, visited the Fall of Lowdore, Borrowdale, etc. But the chief object of attraction here is, of course, Mr. Southey. I drank tea and spent the Thursday evening with him. His house is at the end of the town, but quite detached, and stands on a rising ground; the upper rooms command a delightful view of the

lake. His family is a very charming one—Mrs. S., a genteel and well-looking woman; Miss S., a handsome and interesting girl, and two lovely younger daughters, about the ages of 11 or 13. Mrs. Coleridge resides there; Mr. C., you know, is a very erratic genius; fond of his family, but, oddly enough, always living away from them. He ruins himself by taking opium, and quite destroys his talents, so that his family are left dependent. The pleasing and accomplished Miss Coleridge now resides here. She understands several languages, and has lately wrote a translation from the Latin.

The evening at Mr. Southey's was very delightful. His countenance is so eminently that of a man of genius; a dark complexion, very handsome forehead, partly covered by a profusion of curling black hair, eyebrows finely arched, and rather thin oval face, with such an expression of benignity and melancholy cast over the whole. In figure he is very slender and rather tall, and his manner is so gentle and unassuming, his conversation so perfectly free of all consciousness of power, that you can hardly help loving the man after being a few times in his company, his charming family are

so admirably conducted. In the conversation of Wordsworth, amiable as he is, you can discover at times when talking of some other contemporary poets, or passages of their works, an endeavour to depreciate or fastidiously to criticise them; but there is nothing of this in Southey. He is held in the highest estimation by all ranks in this neighbourhood. I have seen the studies of several poets and literary men, but not one so tasteful or delightful as his. It is large and lofty, with a number of windows all commanding views of the Lake of Keswick, the Fall of Lowdore, or the mountains around.

The conversation on the first evening turned chiefly on the East and the deserts. Had he been really there, he said, he could have made *Thalaba* a much superior poem, but the imagery, etc., he was obliged to take all from books. But it is the most exquisite Oriental poem we have, there can be little doubt. *Kehama* he considers the best of all his poems. He had planned a Persian one, and it is deeply to be regretted that he did not pursue it, that subject being a more rich and splendid one than any of the others. I dined there yesterday; there was a large party. The minister,

Lady Mallet, and several other ladies—one handsome one, called the Flower of the Lakes, but she is from London, and only resides here in the summer. Miss Coleridge is considered a beauty; a rather dark complexion, fine head of hair and eyes, but the dead languages look through them too much, and her smile is just like a Latin smile. The party did not break up till near twelve. It was very interesting to converse with Southey about his *Life of Wesley*. He said he took great delight in writing it. The most singular criticism on it was by some American writer, in one of his works or in a magazine, who accused him of a palpable and vivid imitation of Homer's *Iliad*. Wesley was taken from Agamemnon, King of Kings, and Tommy Oliver, John Haime, and Sampson Starnforth were heroes engaged on his side in that great enterprise, with the rest of the catalogue of preachers. Haime might be Diomed from his fierce character, Dr. Coke the gentle Patroclus, and Menelaus his brother Charles. Whitfield, of course, was Achilles. He used exactly the same language, in speaking of the Methodists, as he has done in his book, frequently observing most expressively that Wesley was a great man. Lord

Liverpool had said to him that he thought that noble passage extracted from one of Wesley's sermons, on the subject of Calvinism, superior in eloquence to any to be found in any ancient or modern author. There was music in the evening, but none of the ladies sang well. The Irish excel our countrywomen infinitely in this respect. There were several exquisite private singers in Dublin.

In the middle of the Lake of Keswick there is a small island covered with a plantation of wood ; on a rising ground in the middle is a house belonging to General Peachy. On every side this island commands magnificent views. Four English ladies, friends of the General, at present reside there. It is a perfect little paradise ; the savage forms of the mountains, which rise closely above with their masses of grey rock, the mists gathering on their bosoms broken by sudden gleams of sunshine ; the cataract falls at the head of the lake in front, and its calm surface around, studded with numerous little islands covered with wood—such is the retreat of these ladies. I met one of them at Mr. Southey's yesterday (an interesting woman about thirty), and have engaged to spend part of the day

with them on the island. Very curious, four ladies, sentimental of course, shut up in a sweet island in the middle of a lake, and the house so embowered by the deep foliage gathered on its walls that the very light through the windows is half-darkened ! But it is time to come to a conclusion. I hope my letter may not have wearied you. Give my affectionate love to father, to Mrs. C. (with thanks for her last letter, though so long ago), to all the rest of the family in Penzance and St. Creet.

I hope father's health is good, and that you have given me all particulars in your letter to me at Edinburgh. I shall return there immediately, as my trunk is there, and there are several acquaintances to see. For that city, and many of its people, have got deep hold of my attachment. And it will be the best way for me to take passage in the steamboat from Leith to London. I shall stay only about a week in Edinburgh. With what great pleasure after this long absence shall I meet you all again !—Till then, believe me, dear William, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER X.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Edinburgh, 30th September 1823.

My great-aunt, Miss Jane Clarke, had, if possible, a greater admiration for Scott than even John Carne seems to have had. But she looked at him from quite another point of view. She used to say Scott was such a kind man, at once you felt at your ease with him; he always tried to find out what interested you, and then would talk to you about it.

Mrs. Fletcher—My father's family all had a great admiration for this charming lady.

There is a rather singular story connecting one of the Campbells of Shian with a Miss Fletcher of Dunans. They were engaged to be married, and she wrote him a letter breaking off the engagement; he was in the West Indies. Whilst in ignorance of this letter, my great-great-grandfather, Campbell of Shian, dreamt that he saw his son swimming for his life in a raging torrent; again and again he sank, and again and again he rose, till at last, exhausted, he struggled safe to land. A moment he stood in safety, and, as he stood, some one thrust a packet into his hand. He opened the packet, and, with a cry of despair, he plunged again into the torrent, and was drowned.

Before very long Shian received a letter telling him that his son was dead. The letter went on to say, that young Campbell had been seized, in the West Indies, with fever, but that, after a severe struggle however, he had become convalescent, and it was hoped he would soon be well. At this time the mail arrived, and the letter in which Miss Fletcher had jilted him

was put into his hands. On receipt of this news, the unhappy young man became delirious, and died in a few hours. What this story may be worth it is not easy to say. But the evidence of the facts, as given, is very direct. The story was told to me by my great-aunt, Miss Clarke ; it was told to her by her mother, and Shian was Mrs. Clarke's father.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter, I need hardly say, gave me the deepest satisfaction and pleasure, being the first news for so long a time that I had received from home. That father's health should have continued so well, for so long a period, was more than I could have expected ; and this surely gives a fair promise of its being more lastingly established. I shall certainly tire you with my long letters, yet their contents can hardly fail to be more or less interesting. The situation of this city is truly magnificent. You can pass from its crowded streets in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, into a complete desert of Arthur's Seat, a wild mountainous track, that almost overhangs the town. The view from the Calton Hill at sunset, another craggy hill in the heart of the place, can have few rivals ; it looks over the wide Firth a mile and a half below, the mountains beyond, and the little rocky island of Inchkeith. A narrow deep valley, above which rises the Castle on a high

rock, intersects the city in the middle. The old Palace of Holyrood is at the foot of Arthur's Seat. But I must take up my tale in order. The evening I passed just before leaving Keswick, at the little island on the lake, was very pleasing, and I did not get away till ten o'clock. Lonely islands, inhabited by interesting ladies, don't come in one's way every day, and Lady Mallet and her three companions would make an isle of rocks seem lovely; much more than one which, if the Prophet had met it in his path of wanderings, he might have put in his Koran for the solace of the Mussulmans hereafter. Lady M. gave me her card at parting, with a pressing invitation to her house at Portman Square in town. I stayed a night at Dumfries on the way, and saw Burns's monument. The next morning left at six, and rode four hours before breakfast, passing Burns's house on the right, in a most pleasing country. But the air was very cold, and a flood of rain came on a few miles short of the resting-place. I had taken an outside place, a thing I very seldom do, as the weather is so uncertain, and it was vain to think of going on in such weather. I should have been obliged to remain good part of the day at a solitary house in

a region of wild hills, but for the pity of a sweet Scotch girl who made room for me beside her, inside, the coach having its full complement there. There were three sisters, of whom she was the youngest and handsomest, and she appeared going into a decline, which made her still more interesting.

But to come to the literary people of Scotland. You must get *The Queen's Wake*, of Hogg. It represents an assembly of bards welcoming Queen Mary's arrival in Scotland, each in his own peculiar style. It has many very beautiful parts, but this singular man shines much more in his verses than in his conversation; but I recollect one eloquent passage. We were standing one day on the side of one of the mountains on St. Mary's Loch, that lake of peace (in the first canto of *Marmion*), close to the burial-ground and the ruins of the Chapel of St. Mary: 'I have been deeply struck,' said he, 'when on a cold winter's day, and the ground all covered with snow, and the wind blowing keenly around us, I have followed some elder here to his last home, and laid him in his wild and lonely grave, and thought how solemn and sweet was such a resting-place, amidst the few grey stones, for the good men who have gone before.'

The residence at Abbotsford haunts my imagination still; the contrast between the literary men in whose company I have been is most striking, there being hardly one point in which they strictly resemble each other, but it is more difficult still to compare any of them with Scott. One cannot help thinking at times, when travelling over scenes of departed chivalry, how strange and delightful now would be a visit to some proud castle where the baron sat amidst his chiefs, in his lighted hall, and the harp woke to the praise of war and beauty. As far as modern times can afford a resemblance, or shadow the charms of such a scene, it is at Sir Walter's. The romantic recollections attached to most of the surrounding scenes of border battles, or ladies' charms, his Gothic mansion and armoury, the memory of his immortal works, the guests who pour in, like clansmen of old, to behold the chief, the flood of light thrown over the whole at night, when they listen to the sound of the harp; all these associations fix a dear and indelible impression on the mind. And the feeling that afterwards accompanies you in visiting Wilson, Southey, and Wordsworth is very like that produced on passing

from a haughty fortress into the midst of quiet and handsome country seats. Constable showed me to-day some miniatures of Mrs. Lockhart and her father. I wish it was in my power to send you home a couple. The sweetness of that lady's manners and temper is irresistible. Among the literary ladies of my acquaintance here is Mrs. Grant, whose Letters from America and from the Mountains you have probably read. An extraordinary woman, now past sixty years of age, she has lost, one after the other, within a few years, three lovely and accomplished daughters and a son—one of the former in a very melancholy way; to use Beattie's affecting expression of his son, her elegant mind became mingled with madness. But the vigour of her mind supports Mrs. G. through all. She had reared them in the retirement of Laggan with such exquisite pains and attention, and they were so very handsome and elegant that their friends seem to say they have left no equals behind them. The powers of conversation possessed by Mrs. G. are considerable, as well as her acquaintance with the manners of her country, and most of its leading characters. And what person would you give to the mother of such loveliness, the romantic writer

whose sensibility of style made you love the very wilds of America? Did you ever wish to see the Meg Merrilies of Scott? You should see Mrs. G., then, enter a room with her very tall, large figure, Highland plaid thrown over her shoulders, masculine features and harsh voice, with a cast in one eye, and you have the stern and dark queen of the Blue-stockings in Edinburgh. A perfect contrast to this lady, but of superior talents, is Miss Bannerman. Her poems are fine, and that on the battle of Waterloo is by far the best of any that were written. A little figure, with a pale eagle face, but it's a treat to hear her converse; such keenness of observation, and discernment of character, and such decision of manners. She declines mixing much in company, though hers is courted by many people of rank. You can never be in want of a most agreeable lounge in this city. If tired of Blackwood or Constable's, which it is not very easy to be, I call at Allan's, the celebrated painter, who lived twelve years in Circassia. See a description of him in *Peter's Letters*. His pictures are very fine. He is now engaged on, and has half-finished, a picture of the iron-hearted Lindsay and others forcing Queen Mary to abdicate

her crown in the island of Lochleven. Williams, who has travelled much in Greece, is another excellent painter, and his Grecian landscapes are beautiful. A most pleasing custom in many houses, after the former one of the French, is that of having supper parties, and sitting at table in conversation for hours. The other night I supped at a Mr. Ainslie's, an intimate friend of Burns. The party was about fifteen, and a pretty equal number of gentlemen and ladies. Dr. Poole, editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*, Drs. Millar and Combe, who lectures on craniology, were of the number. We did not break up till one o'clock.

I passed some hours most agreeably the other morning, when breakfasting with Miss Campbell, the sister of the poet. She showed me the first rude copy of *The Pleasures of Hope*, in his handwriting, differing in many parts from the printed work; and permitted me, what was a rare favour, to copy some passages of it which were not published, though of great beauty, for Campbell is as jealous as possible of their ever being circulated. What a fine description of the nightmare is this:—

‘When midnight’s voiceless hour awakes the dead,
And hideous nightmare haunts the curtained bed

And scowls her wild eye on the madd'ning brain,
What speechless horror thrills the slumb'ring swain,
What shapeless fiends inhale his tortured breath,
Immure him living in the vaults of death,
Or lead him lonely through the charnelled aisles,
The roaring flood, the dark and swampy vales !
Rocked by wild winds he wanders on the deep,
Or hurled, wild shrieking, from the dizzy steep ;
His life-blood freezing to the central urn,
No voice can call for aid, no limb can turn.
If then some wand'ring huntsman of the morn
Wind from the hill his murm'ring bugle-horn,
The shrill sweet music wakes the slumb'rer's ear,
And melts the blood, and bursts the bands of fear,
The wretched sufferer lifts his eager eye
And views the lark that carols in the sky."

One day in the last week I dined with Mrs. Fletcher, a very conspicuous lady in Edinburgh circles. She has been a most beautiful woman, and is still handsome, with a fine figure, and possesses a superior understanding. One only of her three handsome daughters was at home, the others, with Angus her son, being gone to the York festival. The guests consisted only of two other gentlemen, and you may believe the evening could not be a dull one, as one of them was J. Cam Hobhouse, the member, the intimate friend of Lord Byron, and his fellow-traveller in Albania.

If you are disposed for a story, I can give you one, which for blending the horrible with the ridiculous together can have no parallel. Hobhouse said that Byron cried and smiled many times as he told it him ; and you will hardly know which to do. But every part of it is perfectly true. You will recollect the celebrated and atheistical Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned not long ago, when sailing in the Bay of Leghorn. Lord Byron and he were deeply attached. Mrs. Shelley, the daughter of Godwin, and Captain Williams's lady were sitting together in the evening, extremely anxious at their husbands' long absence, when a messenger came in, and said the two gentlemen were said to be lost. The poor ladies immediately took a car, and for twenty hours continued driving along the shore, searching and inquiring of every one for their husbands, and searching among the rocks and bays without success. At last, returning from a considerable distance, they saw a few people collected near the water's edge, and, on drawing near, the two bodies of their husbands lay on the sand. Mrs. Williams, a young and lovely woman, instantly knew hers, but so mangled was poor Shelley's body that his wife declared and vowed in

her misery it was not his. At last they sent to Lord Byron, who, on reaching the spot, saw instantly that it was his friend. A volume of Keats's poems, which he had been reading when the boat upset, was clasped fast in his hand. They would then have had the bodies carried to their homes, when the police officers came up and declared it was impossible ; for the gentlemen might very likely have boarded, or had communication with, some ship from Africa or the Levant, with the plague on board, and that the bodies must be burned on the spot. A fire was kindled, and the ladies, wild with anguish, looked on ; but what was very extraordinary, Shelley's heart could not be consumed, and every effort to reduce it to ashes after his companion was a heap beside, was in vain. As the last resource they were obliged to shrine it in a quantity of pitch and tar, by which means it yielded to the flames. The two ladies then collected the ashes of the gentlemen's hearts, and put them in their pocket-handkerchiefs ; when who should arrive at full speed but Leigh Hunt, the Cockney poet : who sprang from his horse, and protested Shelley's ashes belonged to him, as he was his bosom friend, and was loved

by him dearly, and that the remains of his heart were his due, and he would treasure them sacredly. Mrs. S. kept fast hold, and stoutly defended her right : while a violent altercation ensued. They then offered all that was left of the author of *Islam* and *The Cenci* to Lord B., who refused to have them ; but protested he thought they of right belonged to his wife. The two widowed ladies then remounted their car, and returned a distance of between twenty and thirty miles with that dismal load dangling in their pocket-handkerchiefs. As Byron observed, ‘ there are things which sometimes occur as realities that completely set at fault the dark wildernesses of romance.’

I had a rich musical treat the other evening, on supping at a lady’s house who plays admirably on the harp and the piano ; and her voice is one of the finest I ever heard. She sang Campbell’s *Battle of Hohenlinden* in such style that you could almost fancy yourself in the midst of it. One day, riding out with Hogg, we met with Dominic Sampson on horseback : or the man from whom that odd being was sketched. When in Glasgow you still see the Tolbooth where the Highland Rob Roy came in the night. I looked anxiously

round in the Saltmarket for the house of the memorable Bailie Jarvie. One could submit to a few days' durance in the Tolbooth for the pleasure of sitting in Nicol's sanded parlour, as he blended the ingredients from his little plantation 'far awa,' to drink to the memory of his father the Deacon. Perhaps you might like to know what I think of the Scotch. They are in general a poor-looking set of men, far inferior to the Irish. A great part have not even a gentlemanly look, much less a handsome one. But the women cannot be spoken too highly of. As I was passing through High Street, on Sunday, great numbers of them were pouring out of the chapels, and you could not help being struck with the propriety and stillness of their manner, and the very sweet and engaging countenances of a great proportion of them. They are frank in their manners, with less levity than the Irish. One evening in the drawing-room at Mrs. Fletcher's, Hobhouse was talking with an Italian lady, who had come to tea, and the other Englishman was engaged on politics with Mrs. F. I was very happy in being seated next one of her daughters, a girl so very amiable, with such an expression of sweet yet pensive beauty,

that the time fled away almost unperceived ; but I was much surprised next day to understand that this was the unfortunate daughter of Mrs. F., who had married a man unworthy of her, and whom she still loves, and resides now at home with her mother. Now, an English lady would have been either dejected or reserved, so situated, and in the company of strangers ; but they are dear ladies these Scotch ; the pure blue eye, and that frank tone of voice that goes to the heart ; the cordial shake of the hand, and the Scotch accent that comes sweetly from woman. Allan was right in his picture of Knox reproving his Queen, to make Mary a Scotch beauty, though the English critics abuse him for it, and say he should have given her a face after the *beau-idéal* of loveliness. After all, nothing is more perverse and uncertain than the various tastes in beauty. I recollect, just before leaving Dublin, Maturin called on me one day, to invite me to an evening party at his house : for he wished me to see a niece of his whose countenance and figure were after the pure and exquisite Grecian model. And he, who could draw such touching portraits of loveliness in his works—of Immalee in *Melmoth*, and Eva in

Woman—could hardly indulge a bad taste. Yet the young lady was anything but what he described her. The genius and talents of Maturin are of a high order. In Scotland he is more valued than in his own land. Scott has the highest opinion of his powers, though the subjects of one or two of his works have been rather inconsistent with his profession as a clergyman. The last evening at Abbotsford was very delightful; we were a very small party—only Lady and Miss Scott, and a relative of theirs; when Sir Walter requested me to tell an Oriental tale; so I was fain to tell the best one I knew, which was at least an hour long. Winter is the season, however, when Edinburgh is in its splendour, and you hear the pleadings of Jeffrey, Cockburn, and others. But it is time for me now to conclude. I need not say with what regret I shall leave this city; bitter indeed would be my feelings if I thought I should see it no more; or mingle no more in the society of those high and brilliant spirits who have drawn my attachment irrevocably. Indeed it is hard; it is like tearing yourself away from Oriental scenery, which I loved so much, and which spoils you for the enjoyment of any other.

I thank you again for your kind letter. Give my affectionate love to father, to Mrs. C. and her family at Truro, to my brothers Joseph and James, and the Mrs. C. I am very glad to hear there is a little daughter at St. Creet. Remember me to my dear friend Caroline, and to Colonel and Mrs. Sandys, should you have an opportunity, and to Mr. H. Boase, and believe me, dear William, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

EDINBURGH, 30th Sept.

LETTER XI.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. JAMES CARNE.

From Carlisle, 16th June 1824.

CARLISLE, 16th June 1824.

DEAR SISTER,—It would have been the greatest pleasure to me to have written you before this, but there was little that was interesting to communicate. It is said the English character offers the greatest variety possible for observation, but English travelling has very little change. A pleasing and rich country to look at, good inns and meals

at night, wretched travelling inside the coach—at least it generally is to me—and very indifferent companions. Day after day in this way brings a sad satiety over the feelings. But I am now going to Ireland, and in three days hope to be in Dublin. Mr. Gethin, my Irish companion in the East, used to tell me there was more of Oriental in the character of his own native scenery than in any part of the United Kingdom. I really expect to enjoy my tour to that country exceedingly, and will write you a very particular account of it and of the Lakes of Killarney, so justly celebrated. It is very likely I shall meet Dr. Clarke there, with Miss Cand and Mr. Smith, a merchant near Liverpool, who are now about to cross from Scotland to Ireland. The death of Miss Thomson must have been very affecting so soon after her mother's; no doubt she made a happy end. She had the most amiable character in her own town. Her brothers are very different from her. They both look with contempt on Methodism. The solicitor, who was at his father's house during my stay there, is a very close and reserved man; the Captain is much more open. I spent a very agreeable hour or two with him at York, and

should have been happy to have remained a day or two to enjoy more of his company, as he returned through Egypt, etc., but I could not leave Mr. Bunting. Captain T.'s wife is a very fine woman. He married her for her beauty. His father has never taken any notice of her or her family. She was a clergyman's daughter. It is a great pity Mr. Thomson has brought up his children in so very secluded and harsh a manner. His house has much the appearance of a monastery; he never kept the least company, and his manners were often austere. The Committee of Missions appear resolved to send out two Methodist missionaries to Palestine. Mr. Clough, from Ceylon, a very proper person, is very desirous of going, but six or eight volunteers might be had in a moment, so strong did the interest for that land appear at times to be excited. Methodism does not prosper greatly in this part, the Societies are small and poor. No character I have met with has interested me more than that of the chief of the Society at York, a Mr. Agar. He brought to mind one of those Scotch Covenanters: that strong, able, and unyielding character so well described by Scott. But there was no sternness in him: a tall, square, and

fine-looking man, every feature and garment after the primitive model of Methodism ; but courteous, and in a most happy state of animal spirits always. He was retired from business. Had his daughter been a being after the same order, I would have gone no further to look for a wife ; but she was short and plain. But she was an excellent girl, and had remarkably fine eyes, and was very sensible. I had the pleasure of a short journey in the coach with her from York to Hull, and spent a very delightful day at the gentleman's house where she was staying there. She had engaged to spend the evening inadvertently in rather a gay party, and I went with her. What a medley was that party : it will give you some idea of visiting here. You must understand, in the first place, that in these manufacturing districts everything is sacrificed to money. If a man thinks of a wife, it is the first and great consideration. Beauty of course is a frail and fading thing, for what will it do for a man in business ? If the most alluring girl on earth should happen, like what Midas's wand touched, to be in any way convertible into money, and was to show her head in any of these thriving towns, she would be torn limb from limb by her lovers.

There was an instance a few months ago. One of the richest merchants in Leeds is a Mr. Gotte, whose son died at Athens. He lives in a magnificent house, but his eldest daughter, a very fine young woman, married an elderly man in an almost dying state. He was held up at the wedding by a man on each side, and died two or three months after, leaving his widow some thousands a year. But I have wandered from the tea-party at Hull. Among these were two Jewish families, whose wealth was a sufficient passport. Two young Hebrew ladies, one of them a nice-looking girl, played on the piano and sung. There was some excellent music that evening, and one or two fine voices. My poor little acquaintance sat silent in a corner as if sensible she was treading on forbidden ground. The missionary meeting had been the day before, and all the young ladies were very solicitous to have some tale of the East. So I was fain to tell some strange story I had heard or read, and was quickly surrounded by a number of Christian and Israelite girls. But what amused me most was Miss A. ; she was then sitting beside me with a face as if she was not quite sure she ought to take pleasure in such a scene, and yet

evidently feeling a deep interest. If you ever read the portrait of a young Irish dissenting lady of the name of Eva, drawn by a clergyman of that nation, you have hers in a great measure. But I shan't soon forget the young Methodist of York, and wish all the other professors of her sex were as good and amiable. I wish very much to know how you and James are, and the dear little Edward, and hope you will write me in Ireland. When you have another addition to your family, should it be a boy, I was going to request you would call it by my name, as there is neither one in the family,—and mine has not been sunk, as James wrote me at Cairo he thought it was, among the tribes of Israel. I could have been very happy to have spent a day at St. Creet, as a most desirable break to the monotonous society I have lately been among. . . . Mr. Fawcett is certainly the most agreeable man among the manufacturers in these parts. I went with him one day for a ride to Leeds. We were to have visited the gallery of pictures now forming at Leeds, and one or two other places, but business came in the way and prevented it. It was of an indispensable kind, the manufacturers at Leeds having sent up a petition respecting the

trade, very destructive to the interests of Mr. F. and many others. A meeting was sitting at the time of our arrival, of which Mr. Gotte was the chairman on the opposite party, and Mr. Banks, an intimate friend of Mr. F., and a very superior man, the opposer to Mr. G. We afterwards dined with one of the Leeds merchants, Mr. F.'s friend.

Now I will give you a sketch of the dinner party. We were all gentlemen; Mr. Goodman at the head of the table, an elderly man, and George G., his son, at the foot. The latter was a young man of a ruddy face and light hair, who wore an incessant smile, and was peculiarly gracious to each individual. But George had studied manners, especially bows, at his father's desk, so that, when he made one, his head and back remained in the fixed posture of a man leaning down to write, and his arms adhering to his sides. Frequently filling his glass, he said, with peculiar distinctness, 'My friends, let us drink together,' or 'I drink to you all,' which was obeyed in expressive silence. The old man, his father, was quite a character. Fancy old Mr. Clapham (whose son married one of Mr. G.'s

daughters), with his solemn countenance, talking prodigiously, and waving his arms towards every point of the compass, and you have old Mr. Goodman ; and as in his vehemence he turned to his guests on each side, his little tye-wig moved from right to left like the pendulum of a clock. Next me was a gentleman with a powdered head and inanimate epicure face, who talked chiefly about a beefsteak club in London where he had been, where every one in company was fined who behaved at all politely to another at the table (this is literally true, as I afterwards understood). Opposite him was a farmer-like young man, in a short jacket and top-boots. Would you believe that these two gentlemen were Quakers, and called each other by their Christian names ? On the same side was a young man, well-looking but pale, and a face devoured by anxiety. He was a banker and trader, but subject to such nervous fears and affections as made his career an unhappy one. He spoke little ; but facing him, and below me, was a complete contrast—a person with a smooth cotton face, and large laughing eyes, which he fixed on me once or twice with great complacency, because on account of the noise he

could not be heard by any one else, and I listened to him, saying Yes, or nodding to what I knew nothing in the world of, till I got afraid of being fastened on. But George, who, as well as his father, was as rich as a Jew, produced some superb ancient port wine, left him by an old uncle. His quiet smiles then became sweeter, the din the old man made still heavier, when the door opened, and the fine figure and countenance of Mr. Banks entered. It was worth while to observe the deference paid to a man of powerful mind by men richer than himself. In this crisis of their affairs, he was the only man whose firmness and decision they could trust to. He stayed a very short time, while he detailed with dignity the steps he had taken, and read an admirable letter to the Earl of Harewood on the subject. Soon after the company broke up. You see I am little nearer the great object of my wishes yet, but patience a little longer, and the prize will be dearer for the delay. I thought, at first, the bright shore was in view at Bradford; but the more I saw of the lady, the less prospect I thought there was of happiness. My views are a little more purified than they were. I am become very indifferent

about fortune, and feel how mean it was to lay so much stress on it. But the love of beauty has taken a deeper hold, and will never leave me. And when I think of a companion for life, that vision of loveliness seems to hover round my path, and to blend with all my thoughts. All the fortunes I have seen are plain-looking creatures; one had a red nose; another's shoulders were several inches lower than her neighbours'; a third was as cold and stiff as marble; and a fourth sometimes forgot to talk her own language right. But I fear to have tired you with this very long letter. Give my affectionate love to James, and to father, to Joseph, and William, and the two Mrs. C., and particularly to my old and dear little friend Caroline.

Earnestly hoping to hear of your welfare in the next from home, I remain, dear Sister, your affectionate Brother,

JOHN CARNE.

CARLISLE, 16th June.

LETTER XII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Cambridge, 24th December 1824.

[No reference is anywhere made to his previous residence at Cambridge.]

24th December 1824.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your kind letter of the 28th, which gave me much pleasure, being the first intelligence I had received from home. There seems to be nothing new at Penzance; the election for the county I have seen all about in the Cornish paper, and the relinquishing the building the chapel is no more than was to be expected. The weather here is excessively mild, and affords a most agreeable surprise, for I had feared a very cold winter, which I should have found hard to bear in so dull a place. My health has been somewhat affected for about a week, but I am pretty well now. . . .¹ You need not for a moment apprehend any change in my resolves or intentions . . .¹ My not persevering in my present path . . .¹ my feelings are more reconciled to the change. I enter into very little company; the vacation

¹ MS. torn.

having commenced, all the Fellow-commoners save one, and most of the Fellows, have left Queens'. The term commences the middle of next month, when the town will again fill; at present it looks very empty. You can have no idea of the manner of life pursued by a great part of the students here. I have seen somewhat of France, heard travellers speak of Italy who have resided there, and have witnessed all sorts of profligacy in many parts of the East; but would advise a parent to turn his son loose in the Palais Royal of Paris, in Naples, or anywhere, rather than send him to the University . . .¹ of fortune, with a delicate habit of body, came here a few weeks ago from Liverpool to Trinity College. He went to a wine party and was made very drunk, and somehow or other received a blow in a scuffle. He complained next morning, said he had never been drunk before, and felt strangely, and three days after he died without a friend near him.

There are very many companies where nothing of this kind is to be met with, and which are enlivened by men of talent; if two or three to which I have been are any samples of the manner that is said, more or less, to pervade the whole,

¹ MS. torn.

they are often a satire on all that is elegant or delightful—so much rivalry and conceit are visible, and the Cambridge topics are always preferred; one man's attainments, a second's prospects, a third's honours, etc. But argument in . . .¹ Young . . .¹ the second son of the poet, has a considerable . . .¹ from his invariable practice of disputing fluently in company. I shall never forget the affecting lamentation of his father, when I dined with him in London, on the . . .¹ turn given to his son's mind and taste by his residence at Cambridge. . . .¹ Here is one set, and a numerous one, comprising some of the most talented men in the place, of flaming reformers, who delight in nothing so much as to hear each other make speeches—another of sceptics—a third of gamblers, who lose hundreds of pounds between breakfast and dinner of a Sunday morning. Out of two thousand men resident here, there are seven hundred who are candidates for holy orders; what a nursery for pastors of souls! Do not imagine the picture is overdrawn, it would be easy to state facts of frequent occurrence, but they would only give disgust.

The weather at Penzance must be excessively mild and even warm, for it is often like spring

¹ MS. torn.

here. Poor Mr. Lee, whose death you mention, will be a great loss to travellers in Egypt ; I have received many kindnesses from him. A more striking reverse is the death of my acquaintance, the Rev. Mr. Maturin of Dublin ; his attentions to me were so unexpected and disinterested, that I shall ever think of them with gratitude. Many is the walk we have taken about Dublin, enlivened by his animated conversation. He was a man of brilliant talents. He was always in high spirits, though he had an expensive family of seven children to support and was often straitened. He was found dead one morning a few weeks ago, from having taken a phial of laudanum in mistake for one of medicine ; the income from his church of £200 a year and the produce of his writings are now lost to his poor family. You desire me to say what money I may want, that a credit may be given at Lubbock's : if you will be so kind as give me a credit for thirty pounds, I will draw for that sum in a few days, for my last supply begins to fall short. Please to give my love to all at home and at St. Creet ; a letter from you will always give me the greatest pleasure.—I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XIII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Cambridge, 26th November 1825.

DEAR FATHER,—I should not have written you at this time, from a place so barren of all novelty or interest, except that I thought you would be pleased to hear that my College residence is drawing fast to a close; sooner, most probably, than you had anticipated. My College has certainly behaved to me in a very handsome manner, more so than I could have expected. Being resolved to know my fate, or at least to look forward to something decided, I had a conversation a few days ago on the subject with Mr. King. I applied to him because he is all-in-all in our College of Queens', and being in point of talents and fame almost the first man in the University, and our chief tutor. He instantly offered me the testimonials of the College (for my ordination), as to my character and conduct, either immediately or whenever I chose to ask for them, and assured me in the most polite and friendly manner, that Dr.

Godfrey, the Master of our College, would himself write to the bishop of whatever diocese I should fix on, and that he himself and two or three other of the Fellows would write also. I know, my dear father, you will be gratified at this, as it renders my further stay at Cambridge perfectly unnecessary after the end of this term—the 15th of December—and relieves me from the excessive expense, which indeed I can with great difficulty sustain. The next and only remaining object of difficulty is to find a situation in the Church—but where to find it? I must look about me for a little while, and make inquiries and wait patiently. The testimonials of the College will be sent me if I write for them as easily as if I demand them in person; with Mr. King I am perfectly in understanding in this respect. It is an exhausted profession. Last week only there was an advertisement in the Cambridge paper for a curate to serve twelve months without any salary merely to obtain a title. The shoals of young men who are poured into the University at present exceeds any previous period.

I must also mention to you a letter I received this week, from the town of Vevay on the Lake

of Geneva, from one of my friends, stating that a petition signed by all the English inhabitants of that place is preparing, to be sent to the Bishop of London to solicit that I may be appointed their minister—a formula that is necessary to the ordination of any one to a foreign situation by the bishop. But the approval of a situation of this kind must rest with yourself. I would rather accept an agreeable situation in my own country to any spot abroad, where, whatever great attractions it may possess in other respects, there is too little interest or excitement in the profession to make it dear to you. I may perhaps remain here during the next vacation after the conclusion of the term. Your answer I shall be very glad to receive, and you can defer it till you write me, as you expressed your intention, next month, with the next remittance for me, which, I believe, you said I might receive on the 10th. If you knew the extravagant charges here you would pardon my alluding to this, but I shall manage to make my allowance meet all demands. With the warmest wishes for your health and welfare, I remain, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

CAMBRIDGE, 26th November.

LETTER XIV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Vevay, 11th June 1826.

John Carne was ordained in Paris at the French Protestant Church by Bishop Luscombe at a private ordination, held on Easter Tuesday, the 28th day of March 1826.

VEVAY, 11th June.

DEAR FATHER,—You have expected perhaps ere this to have heard of my prospect and situation here. My last letter from Paris mentioned that we were about to set out for Switzerland after I had received ordination at Paris. We have passed a few weeks at the Lake of Thun, at Colonel Brown's, and are now most agreeably situated at this place, in a house that stands a short mile from it, and is situated on a gentle hill, and looks over a very magnificent prospect of the lake and the mountains. From the English settled here, who consist of a number of families, I have received a most kind and friendly reception, accompanied by

a universal expression of satisfaction at the object for which I came, and that they shall now have a minister settled among them. The Swiss authorities also have been forward to offer a chapel for service to be performed in ; the chief judge, Mons. Curchod, who is our particular friend, has procured the church of Latour, a sweet village a quarter of a mile from the town. Here our service is to be performed at two o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, as that hour is most suitable on the whole ; some of the English families residing in chateaux a few miles from the town. I have no clerk any more than the clergyman at Lausanne and Geneva, but one of the English gentlemen is always ready to undertake that office, and it will fall on Mr. Brown first. Last year the number of English families resident here was twenty-five, who, with their families, formed a congregation of sixty or seventy persons, while a Mr. Middleton, a clergyman who was travelling through on his way to Italy, passed a few weeks here. At present the number of families is not quite so large, and the congregation to begin, which is to be next Sunday, will not be more than forty persons ; but others are rapidly arriving as the fine

season advances. There are a few particularly amiable as well as pious people in the neighbourhood: the Rev. Mr. Cavvard, a young Lutheran clergyman, who married a Miss Dixon, a daughter of the Bishop of Down; both he and his wife are useful and delightful acquaintances. The Swiss at this place are, as I had before heard, different from the generality of their countrymen, who do not excel in politeness or information, but the families at Vevay are particularly hospitable and attentive; invitations to their houses, instead of being rare, are rather carried to the other extreme. They have a suite of rooms delightfully situated near the edge of the lake, where a number of newspapers, reviews, etc., are taken in, and adjoining is a handsome saloon, where the members (all who choose) occasionally meet and dine together. During the winter they propose literary subjects, on which those who are capable are expected to write a paper, and they meet every Monday evening to read them and discuss their merits. French is the universal language of the town and canton, but many of the inhabitants speak English. Thus we feel that we are at last happily settled, and in the manner that I have so long

wished for ; and I look forward with feelings of great pleasure to the engaging again in that office in which I once felt such satisfaction, and I will seek for aid and a greater suitableness of spirit than I have long possessed from that Source which can alone supply them. I trust your health continues to be good, and that it is not changed in any way for the worse since you last wrote. I don't know what kind of weather you have had in Cornwall, but here the rain for the last five weeks has been so constant as to surprise the natives, who say it is an unusual season. The general distress and embarrassment in England has much diminished, I am glad to see by the papers. Please to remember me to William and his wife, and I shall write him very soon. I hope he has not forgotten to send the box of books for me to Mr. Helm at Bristol, who with his wife and sister-in-law are coming out to pass a month with us, and will set out the end of this month ; perhaps he (William) has not found it easy to include a Bible with a comment. I requested that you also would add a few books that would be useful here ; some of the Christian Library would be invaluable, but you can hardly break the set. In the expectation of

the pleasure of a speedy letter from you, I am,
dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

I have drawn for my quarter's allowance at 10th inst., and as it will take twelve days to reach London it will be about the time.

LETTER XV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Vevay, 10th December 1826.

DEAR FATHER,—I should not trouble you again with a letter, but it may perhaps prevent your writing me a second time. You will be disposed perhaps to censure me for fickleness in thinking of quitting this situation seeing that I had previously the intention to pass a few years here. Experience is often the only test that is safe to trust to. I have candidly stated things as they are at Vevay, and though it has many advantages you will not think perhaps I shall go out of my way in seeking a more useful and active sphere—one where some recompence may be given to my services, and not

so much idle and useless time thrown on my hands. The occasion of my now writing is a letter I received yesterday from Bishop Luscombe, at Paris, offering me the situation of chaplain to the Earl of Bridgewater, who resides in Paris. That is, an application has been made to him, and as the bishop has always behaved in the most kind and handsome manner towards me, he has written to know if the situation would be agreeable to me. He says the Earl of B. 'is immensely rich, and though a capricious he is a very liberal man; he is a Prebendary of Durham, etc., etc., and an old and infirm man.' Then he has borne an irregular character, and, though a man of talents, has resided long out of England, having for many years given up all clerical duties. I thought it best to write that I would accept the situation, if it was to be possibly obtained, with great pleasure. The salary is not stated, but it might be an introduction to something else, as well as in itself highly beneficial.

I earnestly hope I shall meet with your approbation in what I have done, as it will be far preferable to the casual and gratuitous office I at present fill here. I would not have decided on it till I had received your consent, only Bishop L. requested a

very early reply. In the hope that this will find you in the enjoyment of the good state of health you have lately had, and with my best wishes for your happiness, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

VEVAY, 10th December.

LETTER XVI.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Vevay, 5th January 1827.

William Carne junior's affairs had fallen into hopeless confusion, and, with more than his ordinary want of tact, John chooses this moment for busying himself about a seal, and is deeply hurt to find that William's interest in heraldry, for the time at any rate, was not overwhelming. The history of the seal spoken of is rather interesting. In the time of Edward IV., according to Gilbert's *History of Cornwall*, Richard Carne, a younger brother of Carne of Nash, Glamorganshire, settled in Cornwall, where he acquired an estate. In the reign of Richard III. this estate was sold, and the offspring of Richard Carne sank into obscurity. A family of Carne still live in St. Agnes, and they hold that they are the descendants of Richard Carne; and one of them, about seventy years ago, showed my grandfather a ring bearing a pelican in its piety, which was said to be the ring of Richard Carne. This ring has since been lost.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I have been expecting for some time the pleasure of a letter from you, in

answer to my last, which is now, I believe, more than three months since. You were then just entering into your new residence at Mylor, and I felt anxious to know how you liked it, and whether it answered your and Eliza's views and wishes. You perhaps decided for the best not to come and reside with us in Switzerland, however happy we should have been to welcome you, as our residence is likely to be soon changed, I hope for the better, as far as regards emolument. The winter here would have been more severe than you would have liked ; indeed the country is totally a different place in summer and now, and you know the dislike I feel to severe weather. My church, as I told you in my last, being only a summer one, dwindled away as the cold weather came on, leaving me nothing to do till the middle of next June. Under these circumstances, and the receiving no income for my services, I have closed with pleasure with a proposal made me a few weeks since at Paris by the Bishop Luscombe, who has my interest much at heart. It is to be chaplain to the Earl of Bridgewater, an old and very rich nobleman—a situation that may greatly promote my interest. My income, as you

know, has been lately much reduced, and though I willingly and even gladly bore the loss, yet it requires great economy to avoid feeling its inconvenience ; and it is a natural feeling that I should seek to do something to improve it, which in this case will not fail to be, as the salary will most probably be worth having. I have written to father stating the circumstance, and requesting his consent, to which I hope he will have no objection. I wait the Bishop L.'s answer to my letter every day, when I shall probably have to leave here for Paris very soon. Your affairs, I hope, are by this time nearly all settled, and your mind as well as Eliza's more easy. You will not, I fervently trust, ever meddle again with business, and I was rejoiced to hear by a letter from father that there was no intention of the kind. We shall be most happy to see Eliza and yourself to stay with us at Paris if I obtain this situation, which, I trust, there is little doubt of. It will be a change of scene for both of you, and will contribute to banish the remembrance of the late painful events from your minds. Father's health, I am glad to hear, continues good, and has even been much improved lately, which, I hope, will be still more strengthened

during the fine spring season which will soon begin now with you. I am not conscious, my dear brother, of having given you the least intentional cause of offence, but I feel persuaded of having been lately treated with marked neglect. It is now more than four months since you have written me, and the last letter was written hurriedly, just in time for the post announcing your decision to go to Mylor. Two little requests I particularly made would have given me much pleasure had they been attended to. You told me at Cambridge of a crest or seal that Joseph had found of the Carnes, and now used. I know not how many times I have entreated the fulfilment of your promise to send it me, and now I must go to a considerable expense to have one at the Herald's office in London, as I have only a plain seal without any impression, and it is nothing but an absolute necessity that induces me to seek one. The two volumes of my travels sent you from Colburn, I wrote twice to beg you would send one of them to Mrs. Paynter, H. Coulson's aunt. By a letter received from him, I find she has never received it. Can you send it now? Perhaps the hurry of your affairs may have driven these things from your

mind, but it is painful to one's feelings. Please to give our kindest love to Eliza, with the hope of seeing her at Paris, and accept it yourself also, and believe me, dear William, yours very affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

VEVAY, 5th *January*.

We shall be here at least six weeks longer.

LETTER XVII.

TO HIS FATHER.

PARIS, 26th *May* 1827.

DEAR FATHER,—I hope you received the letter I wrote just before leaving Vevay, though its not having been answered leaves it in doubt. The passage over the Jura Mountains was for a short time very severe on account of the deep snow. We arrived here a few weeks since in perfect safety. The situation with the Earl of B., that the bishop wrote me so sanguinely the offer of, seems to be very uncertain; and I have heard

some things of the old nobleman that would cause me to hesitate as to accepting it. His previous character has been of the worst description, and it seems he is sunk almost into a state of decrepitude. His immense riches render his friends anxious to prevent his falling into the hands of the Catholics, on which account they wish a clergyman to be near him. In the meantime I shall take occasional duty at the Oratoire, etc., and cannot but wish I had a small charge, however humble and obscure; that would excite an interest in the work, and do good to my own mind as well as theirs, but I will wait a while patiently till something shall offer. I am very sorry not to have seen my brother Joseph when he was here a fortnight ago, for I should have been happy to have some news from home. He spent an evening, I believe, with Bishop Luscombe. We had set out on a hurried visit of a fortnight to London, where I was obliged to go in order to see Mr. Colburn, the bookseller; my book having come to a second edition, half of which is sold, and being about to engage in a new work, I was convinced it was necessary for my advantage to be on the spot, as there is no doing anything with the bookseller by

letter at a distance. We returned here as soon as possible, and I still hope to see my brother on his return from Bordeaux. I discovered an old acquaintance in Mrs. Adams, the wife of the Methodist Missionary at Charenton, a few miles from here; she was Mrs. Roberts, who formerly lived at Penzance, where he died. They do not much like their situation; their acquaintance will be very pleasant, as I formerly knew Mrs. A. in Cornwall: he only intends to stay out the year, he told me during the short time I saw him. It is a thankless situation, and I almost wonder at the Conference keeping a minister there. I hope your health continues to be good, and that you will write me very soon, for it is long since I have had a letter. James has at last, I find, got his living, which I am glad of, though it is to be feared the situation will prove one he is not altogether fitted for. His income must now be near eight hundred a year. How does William get on? I trust and hope he does not meddle with business; it is as well the plague should approach his door almost as anything in the form of business, such has ever been his unhappy love of speculation; but he may live content and quiet in his present condition.

Mr. Henry Boase, I am concerned to hear, is dead. What will his large family do without him? The Bank will hardly be continued. With my warmest wishes for your health and happiness, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

PARIS, 26th May.

LETTER XVIII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Paris, 25th July 1827.

PARIS, 25th July,

HÔTEL D'ÉLYSÉE, 3 RUE DE BEAUNE.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your last letter, and was glad to find that you were all well at home, and that your health continued favourable, without having been deeply affected by the long and severe winter.

I was very sorry to hear of poor Mr. Boase's death, having been so long acquainted with him. The severity of the weather, which must have

been extreme at Penzance as well as everywhere else, carried him off in the same way, no doubt, as so many elderly people in Switzerland. I fully expected my brother Joseph would have returned by way of Paris, when I should have been able perhaps to be of some use to him from knowing the place so well—the Museum, Libraries, etc. The latter, particularly that of the King, is the best and most extensive I ever saw, and I have free access to it every day, and to all the books, which is a very great pleasure and advantage.

I feel very happy that William is so settled and quiet in his habits, and likes his situation at Mylor, where I have no doubt he has a better chance of contentment and happiness than in his former restless and busy way of life. I have no regular church as yet; the few situations of the kind there are around the city being all monopolised as well as eagerly sought after. This must be the case in a much greater degree at home, from the account Mr. Coulson gives of the contention and rivalry who shall have the curacy of St. Creet. I should like to hear if it is yet decided, and who is the possessor of the situation,

by no means, in many points, a very enviable one. The Bishop of Ross has been lately here, staying some time, from Scotland: there was a large confirmation held on the occasion by B. Luscombe, who, poor man, puts himself to great expense and trouble, and receives little thanks and no recompence in return. When Mr. Canning was here he promised to consider about procuring a grant for building him a new church here, but nothing more has come of it. The latter has long been personally friendly to him, but he has too many great affairs on his head now to think about a church in this city, which after all would not be the wisest measure in the world. The Bishop of Ross was a very simple and amiable man, with a revenue from his diocese of about three hundred a year, so that the Scotch, in point of poverty, is certainly the most primitive Church at present. Some of the sights in this city are very strange: there is one place called the Morgue, a small building on the banks of the Seine. Here all the bodies that are found in the river, over night, are brought every morning. It is surprising how many people come by untimely ends, either by their own or others' hands. The bodies are

stripped naked, save a small cloth round the waist, and extended on an elevated seat, and their clothes are hung up beside them. In front of this room is a large window, which is open to the public, and the relations and friends of those who are missing come every day to this place to seek and recognise them. It is a sad as well as affecting scene to see persons of all ranks and ages, young women in the prime of life, and men, by their clothes, evidently in the most respectable condition, come to an untimely and premature end, by the wounds and marks of violence which appear on them.

These things are not generally known as they are in London, where everything finds its way into the newspaper. The number of suicides is much greater here than with us; of this class are very many of the people brought to this place, who throw themselves into the Seine. The character of the people of the city appears to me to be of two classes: one, by far the most numerous, who think nothing of religion or an hereafter, but of pleasure, and that only, from morning to night; the other contains a great many truly religious families, according to their light and knowledge.

With two or three of these we are well acquainted, who hasten to the church as soon as risen, at six every morning of their lives, and spend two hours there in solitary prayer and devotion. It is a happy circumstance, that the attachment to the Catholic religion is weakening every day, and very many are becoming well affected to Protestantism. The Methodists are about to establish a place of worship in Paris, which will probably be very useful, as there are a number of workmen, etc., who have no place near to attend ; it will not be a desirable place, however, for any man accustomed to the excitement and comfort of a circuit in England. If he cannot speak French he will only have his own few people to speak to, and they are engaged busily all day ; this is Mr. Adams' situation at Charenton. I see in the papers the account of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, at Huntingdon ; it is not, I hope, the same who was at Penzance for two years. What you observe is no doubt just—that had I remained till this time, or rather till next January, at College, I should be in orders. But then it ought surely to be recollected that I went there in the full persuasion, the result of much inquiry, that I should be able to obtain

orders after remaining three terms—that I was not aware of the necessity of staying the full time, or of the difficulties that afterwards stood in the way of my getting orders: these were circumstances I had not anticipated.

Please to give my kind remembrances to my brother Joseph, and my regret that I did not see him on his return; to William also, when you see him, remember me very kindly. With my earnest wishes that health and every blessing may attend you, and long continue to do so, and in the hope of hearing from you soon, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XIX.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Paris, 8th October 1827.

DEAR FATHER,—It is now¹ three months ago that I wrote you, and could not but expect an answer ere this. I fear that you have been unwell and not able to write, or that my letter has miscarried. I would rather believe either of these

were the cause than that it proceeds from neglect, for which I have given no occasion, and this is the first time I have experienced it.

The object of my writing this is to acquaint you of my intention of leaving Paris. I have waited in vain for some situation as a clergyman, but none has opened, or is likely now to open, as the French Government has issued a prohibition against a single new Protestant church being formed in the country, and all the old ones are filled, besides there being numerous candidates. There is at last a road open to me in London for doing something effectually for myself, and we shall proceed there in the latter end of next month. The Bishop of Ross offered me a church within a few miles of Edinburgh, but, like most of those on the Continent, it would be disinterested labour, and I cannot afford this any longer. We have a suite of apartments here at a reasonable price, in a hotel, as all the lodging-houses in Paris are called, the expense of a single house being excessive. As the expense of removing my furniture to London will not be trifling, sending it down the river to Havre, I beg you will have the kindness to let me draw my next quarterage on the 20th of

November instead of December. It cannot inconvenience you much, I should think, and will be of great service to me. You may depend on my not drawing again till the 20th March, the regular time. Without this I shall not be able to leave at the time, but shall else be obliged to wait till the end of December, which will throw our journey into the midst of winter, as well as be more hazardous for the passage of my effects. We shall spend a month or two before we settle with Mrs. C.'s relations in London at the house of Dr. Henry Wakefield, Pentonville, where you will please direct for me. I beg an early answer to this letter here, and with my warmest wishes for your welfare, I remain, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

HÔTEL D'ÉLYSÉE,

3 RUE DE BEAUNE, 8th October.

LETTER XX.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 24th December 1827.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter of the 20th December. I was not aware, be assured, and could not be, that the result of William's failure was still felt so embarrassing to yourself, but had believed you had ere this in a great measure recovered it. I feel the present privation of the assistance I expected more severely than the reduction of my income ; it will place it out of my power to take a house at present, or to have a home ; but I must endeavour to be resigned to the disappointment. You request to know what my prospects and increase of income are. I am sorry I did not mention it more particularly in my last letter, but thought that my assurance was enough. My engagement with Mr. Colburn, the bookseller, insures me £300 a year for my writings. This will be gained by much labour of thought and application of time, but this will be sweetened by the consciousness of being thus able for the

first time to do something for myself. You see that you will be certain of the payment, as I stated in my first letter. I now only request the loan of £100 till June, in which month it shall be surely repaid, and I trust this will not greatly inconvenience you. I have taken a house, and am so situated that I cannot enter it without you will oblige me. Surely you will hardly refuse to me the loan of this sum. I request an answer in a post or two, and remain, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LONDON, 24th December.

LETTER XXI.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 8th March 1828.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter by Mr. Coulson, and the account you give of the state of your health has given me much anxiety

and concern. I often wished earnestly for the last two years to see you, and now that I am arrived so much nearer home I shall not delay any longer the pleasure of seeing you once more. Dr. Clarke has heard from my brother that you have been more seriously ill than your last has given me to suppose: he wishes me much to stay and accompany him in his visit into Cornwall, but I do not like to delay. My own health too will be greatly benefited by a few weeks' stay in my native air, so that I shall leave with Mr. Coulson in about eight days; and as Dr. Clarke has faithfully promised to come to Penzance we shall travel back together to town. My prospects here are bright and certain, and my absence will not at all interfere with arrangements in writing.

Hoping in a short time to have the happiness of seeing you, I am, dear Father, your affectionate
Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LONDON, 8th March.

LETTER XXII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 31st March 1828.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your kind letter with the order on Lubbock's, for which I feel greatly obliged. My health is now better than it was when Mr. Coulson left, though I am still unable to use much exercise; yet I hope the weakness I feel will pass away as the weather becomes more warm and fine. I regretted much not being able to come down to see you, as I am sure my native air would do more to establish my health than anything else. Your health, I am happy to find, is not worse, and I shall feel great pleasure in coming down in the end of May, to spend a few weeks with you: it is a long time since I have seen your face. I believe Dr. Clarke intends to set out for Cornwall on the 4th of next month; he does not intend, I believe, to go on to Penzance; did I go down with him, he would go on there for company with me, but I think I shall prefer to leave here in May, as the weather will

then be more favourable and settled for the journey, and for my stay at home also. My old servant Michel, who served me so faithfully and with so much attachment, often comes to see me: he is now the steward and confidential man of Lord Strangford. It seems that the high and deserved mention made of him in my *Travels in the East* has been of great service to him. It is a great pleasure, you may well suppose, for us to meet and talk over all that we have passed through and suffered together. He has had an offer of a pension for life if he will accompany the brother of the Duke of Northumberland on a similar journey to the East, but he has declined it; he finds his situation so good with Lord S.

I trust that the clear and fine [weather] that is now begun will be of great benefit to your health: with you it is no doubt quite mild, but here the mornings and evenings are very cold. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon. With my earnest wish and prayer that every blessing may attend you, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

5 DORSET PLACE, 31st March.

LETTER XXIII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Dorset Place, London, 5th July 1828.

DEAR FATHER,—I arrived here in the middle of last week after a pleasant journey to Plymouth by the packet, and thence straight on by the coach. The *Erin* was not arrived at Falmouth on Sunday evening, and I took the advantage to spend a very pleasant day or two with William, who really has a very sweet and comfortable place, with all the means of enjoyment and retirement about him. I was much surprised and delighted to find him so comfortably settled. I found my dear wife very unwell indeed, caused chiefly by excessive agitation of mind and nervous affection; had I delayed longer her recovery would not have been easy for some time. At present she is much better, though greatly changed from when I left. My own health is greatly improved by my journey; I am able now to walk several miles a day. The heat is intense here, and often makes me wish, with the many advantages I

possess here, that the sea-shore and its pure air was within reach of my dwelling. My own native place does not seem to be the only one where I meet with changes and vicissitudes after a few years' absence. I was much pained to-day to receive a letter from an old companion and school-fellow. You recollect perhaps a Mrs. Moseley who lived near the Bank, and had an only son, Walter, who had once an excellent prospect opened to him had he conducted himself well. He writes me in extreme misery from a wretched apartment, where, he says, he has neither shirt, stocking, nor shoe left, nor friend or acquaintance who now come near him. It is not to beg money, but merely to use my interest with Colburn to get him some manuscript to copy fair, or French or Italian to translate, that he may earn a little bread. Dr. Clarke is got safe to Shetland, having luckily met with a vessel bound to London just as he arrived, which took his letters. No doubt the voyage and the excitement will do his health good. Mr. Butterworth's will, I find from the family, has left him a great gainer; he has bequeathed ten thousand pounds to the Doctor, the principal to be at his disposal, and three hundred to each of

the children. The reason why Mr. B. left so little to his niece, Miss Thomas, who lived with him, was from a quarrel which her husband, Mr. Wearce, foolishly had with the uncle. I trust this sultry weather agrees well with your health ; if it is the same as here, it must make your afternoon walk oppressive. Please to give my affectionate regards to my mother, brother, and Mrs. C., with all the family, and to William and his wife when you see them.—I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

5 DORSET PLACE, 5th July.

I borrowed a pound-note of William as my route cost more by land. I promised to send Jenny our servant three pounds, viz., £1, 6s. to George the barber for a past year, and one or two more little debts. As you gave me only £5 I had not enough then, and I cannot get notes here to send her. Will you be so kind as to pay her the £3 immediately, and deduct it, with the £1 from William, from my next quarterage ?

LETTER XXIV.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Dorset Place, London, 5th October 1828.

Tales of the West was published in this year ; it was not popular.

DEAR BROTHER,—It is some time I believe since I have received a letter from you, or that you have had one from me. In my last letter father said he had spent two or three days very pleasantly at your house, and was greatly gratified to find you were so agreeably settled. I hope Eliza and you and my little nephew are quite well ; often during the last two months I have wished to transport myself to some sweet quiet healthy scene like yours, for a free and country air alone will restore perfectly my health. Of late I have been much occupied with my forthcoming work, the printing and preparing of which will detain me in town longer than I should otherwise wish to stay. Father has acted very kindly towards me in the advance to assist me in the publication, and I feel very grateful to him, as well as to yourself, for the interest which I have no doubt you took in it. It

will give me the greatest pleasure to request your and Eliza's acceptance of a copy. I am greatly disappointed at not having been able to send you the little parcel of plate which has been ready for some weeks. I had fully expected to send it by a Cornish lady, with whom Mrs. C. and myself are very intimate—a Mrs. Reading, formerly (that is some fifteen years ago) Miss Juliana Moyle, the celebrated beauty of Chacewater, a niece of Mr. Matthew Moyle of that place, and cousin to the Moyles of Marazion. Her husband, Mr. R., is a clever and pleasant man, and joint editor of the *New Monthly* with Mr. Campbell. She is still a very fine woman, though fifteen years will of course somewhat impair earthly charms. As she is going to Brighton instead of the neighbourhood of Falmouth, however, my opportunity is lost, but I trust to find one in a week or two. Shall I direct it to be left for you at Mr. Lake's, bookseller, or direct it to you; and should I not find any one going, will it be safe to send it by the mail? How does your sweet little place look now? I am afraid the wet weather has spoiled your crop of apples. I entirely agree with you in the opinion expressed in your last letter, of the superior

prudence of leaving the horse and carriage till the ensuing year, and do not doubt you will then be better able to enjoy that luxury. The good people of Falmouth have been making sad fools of themselves. The account in the paper of the reception of Donna Maria was extremely laughable and diverting ; but anything on earth with a sufficient quantum of rank or money will bring the good folks of that admiring town on their knees, and make eloquence come from their lips where nature certainly never placed it. Have you seen Dr. Boase lately ? How does he get on ? Does business flock in on him rapidly ? And the *Cornish Magazine* ?—it has not of late made much stir in town. Have you visited my friend Coulson in his solitude ? I had a letter from him a month ago, in which he seems a perfect hermit, as far from the news and pleasantness of the busy world as if he had been in the deserts of Arabia. When winter comes, it will be rather a dreary scene that wild valley. Mrs. C. sends her kindest regards to Eliza, and I most warmly join my own, and to my dear little nephew. The chief news in the literary world at present is the rivalry of the Annals ; our friend Alaric Watts, whose *Souvenir*

has hitherto borne the bell, is likely to be much injured by it. Heath's *Keepsake* will this year be the most splendid thing of the kind ever published. Scott has four tales in it, for which, including also a few for the next year's *Keepsake*, he was paid by Heath eight hundred pounds. Heath sent a fifty-pound note to Wordsworth, and the same to Southey, to request an article. The former declared to a friend of mine he was never paid so well in his life for his poetry. The last volume he published he was obliged to guarantee his bookseller from loss. Southey was so pleased that he sat down and wrote a poem of 1500 lines, which was useless of course to Heath from its great length ; he sent it back to the author, who furnished two smaller pieces instead. Moore, Coleridge, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Holland, and others, write for this year's *Keepsake*. I have seen some of the engravings, and they are most exquisite, but I do not know if it will find its way so far as the Land's End. Do write me an early letter, and tell me all the home news.—Believe me, dear William, your affectionate Brother,

JOHN CARNE.

LONDON, 5th October,

5 DORSET PLACE.

LETTER XXV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Dorset Place, 22d November 1828.

DEAR FATHER,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your last letter, though now some time since. I have been constantly occupied lately, and shall be for some weeks to come. My work comes out in the beginning of January instead of in October; the publisher, as well as myself, considering it much better to bring it out when town is full, than last month or this as we had purposed. The constant fine weather for this season has delayed most of the London families at watering places and in the country; even yet it begins to fill but slowly. I rejoice to say that I have the best-grounded prospects of success; you need not, I believe, entertain a doubt on the subject. My health has been much better of late, and in about a month, when my term expires in this house, I shall remove about five miles out of town, in an excellent air and situation. I have long cherished a wish to go to Scotland to

reside, but I find it will be much more for my interest to be near my publisher, and to keep an eye over my works ; though he is a fair-dealing and honourable man, no one can attend to one's own interest so well as being near the spot. James came to see me, and dined and spent two evenings ; we were quickly reconciled, and all heart-burnings or disagreeable remembrances were forgotten. It was the greatest satisfaction to my mind to be in kindness and affection again. I am very sorry to hear his wife's health is in so weak a state ; I am afraid Plymouth air does not at all agree with her. He seems to be quite happy in his situation, and to be well received and esteemed at Plymouth. With respect to two small pieces of wine, very cheap, that I shall buy for him at the docks, he writes me that he has desired you to send me the money. It will be time enough to do this when it is purchased, and I will let you know. I shall do this and have it shipped in a few weeks. I hope this late fine weather has been of benefit to your health. I never knew such a November in my life ; perhaps it has been rainy at home, but here almost constant sunshine and mild air. I received yesterday a letter from Henry Penneck ; a more sad and dejected one

I have never read; he seems quite discouraged with his situation and prospects, and wishes me much to get him some literary employment in London, to which he could join a salary of fifty guineas a year as a clergyman. I could get him the former probably had his sight been good, but it is too infirm at present to afford any chance of success. The place I am going to is Fulham, a village pleasantly situated about six miles distant, so that the expense of moving will not be near so great as to a more distant place, and there I trust to settle for some years. Please to remember me kindly to William when you see him. I shall write him in a week or two. I shall be very glad to hear from you soon, when you send me my quarterage next, and if you have any home news to tell me.—I remain, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

5 DORSET PLACE, 22d November.

LETTER XXVI.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Grove House, Blackheath, 14th February 1829.

Maria Boase, a daughter of Boase of Alverne Hill.

Jones Pearce, elder brother of the late Richard Pearce of Penzance.

14th February 1829.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hope you have received ere this the two volumes of Middleton, which I gave to Terrell & Niel to send by the first vessel to Falmouth, long since. The plate, I trust, you received safely, with Lake's parcel; I gave it to his bookseller in London, to be sent immediately. I beg that you will say in your answer if they have come to hand. We are most agreeably settled here, and I feel deeply the benefit of the excellent air of the place, being so much preferable to that of the close streets of London. Your sweet little place must now begin to be very pleasant as the spring advances—the primroses long since out, and the gooseberry and other trees showing their buds. My dear little nephew, I hope, enjoys his book of

travels and its large plates. He cannot possibly read anything more instructive; it was the first cause, that work, of my strong passion for travelling. How does he like Mrs. Hall's little *Juvenile*? By a letter from James, Mrs. C. appears to be still suffering under great and protracted debility; a decided change of air and scene seems the only thing likely to do her good. It is a great affliction to him with so large a family. The Catholic business seems to occupy all the people's attention; I suppose it extends to your neighbourhood too. But all petitions will be in vain; the question will be carried, there is no doubt, and I am very glad of it. Give my best love to Eliza; I hope she is quite well. Have you been ever yet together to pay father a visit? He seems to enjoy very good health by his last letter. Is there any news at the Lower House, for I have heard nothing from that quarter for some time. The *Cornish Magazine* has died a natural death, I find. How does Dr. Boase get on? is the circle of his practice extending fast? I have some Penzance news occasionally from my old friend Maria Boase (Mrs. Jones Pearce), who lives at Greenwich, and is one of the best neighbours we have. Have you seen the

Vicar of Landewednack lately ; he is entirely pleased with his situation. I was a little surprised by his last letter to see that truly pastoral feelings were growing upon him, which he formerly knew little of. 'Wherever I go,' he says, 'I shall always feel that my home is among the people of Landewednack.' Poor Henry Penneck wrote me a most disconsolate letter two months since. He complains of the want of interest and excitement in his situation : 'to be familiar with these people, to study their character, or to drink tea with them as you used to do, would give me the blue-devils.' I am glad they inserted in the *Forget-me-not* of last year a paper of his on 'Père la Chaise,' for which Ackermann sent him five pounds and a copy of the annual. Let me hear from you soon. My new work comes out in a week or two ; it is quite ready. Mrs. C. sends her best regards to Eliza and yourself.—Believe me, dear Brother, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

GROVE HOUSE, BLACKHEATH.

LETTER XXVII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Blackbeath, 9th June 1829.

Stratton Hill was published in this year, and was well received by the public.

GROVE HOUSE, 9th June.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your last kind letter of a week ago, and have not set out so early for Paris as we intended, having been delayed a week in correcting the proof-sheets of a small volume now publishing, called *Recollections of the East*. I shall be very glad if you will accept a copy, which will be sent you in a fortnight by sea. I was sorry to hear that Mrs. James C. is still so feeble ; for it must be a hindrance to James in the many duties he has to perform in his parish. I hope he continues to go on well, and is popular and useful in his place. The weather is very beautiful here, and about Penzance it must be still finer, for there is nothing so healthy as the sea air. My health is very good at present, and I must

continue to preserve it by the same good exercise and attention. My removing has been attended with much less trouble this time, all our furniture being placed in the house next door of an intimate friend, whose dwelling is much too large for himself, and with whom we are now spending two or three days before departing, for which I have taken places by to-morrow's coach. I shall be disposed, on returning from Paris at the close of the autumn, to take a house on the sea-coast—I think at Dover, if we like the situation. The chief reason is that it will be less expensive; being so near London exposes me to more visitors than I either wish or find convenient. And I am sure that no air, from experience, is so well suited to me as the sea-coast, from old and long habit. My work, I am happy to say, has been of the greatest service to me, in raising my name with the publishers as well as with the public, and I feel very grateful for the reception that has been given to it. I received a letter a few days ago from the Trevanion family, expressive of the gratitude and enthusiasm which they had felt at seeing their ancestor's character so conspicuously and justly held forth, and few have given me more pleasure than this letter. The

richest gratification of all will be, if it should happen to afford you pleasure or interest. My wife begs me to be kindly remembered. With my earnest wish and prayer that every blessing may attend you, I am, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

Please to remember me kindly to the Miss Milletts and Mr. Seekerson.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Blackbeath, 9th June 1829.

My Address at Paris is at Right Rev. Bish. Luscombe's,
23 Place Vendôme.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hope you have received a copy of my new work, sent a fortnight since or three weeks, and also a letter that followed it. I trust it was not neglected to be sent. I set out for Paris to-morrow ; should Eliza and you be able to make it convenient to come to see the French capital, we shall be most happy to receive you, and to do everything in our power to make it

agreeable. I am sure you would both be delighted with such a trip, and it can be done at a trifling expense : do think of it. My removing this time has not been attended with much trouble ; all my furniture, china, and plate being placed next door, at an intimate friend's, whose house is too large for him. I think, on returning from Paris at the close of the autumn, that I shall be disposed to take a house on the sea-coast, probably at Dover ; as I am sure, from long habit and early use, that no air will suit me so well as that of the sea. My being so near London also exposes me to more company than can well be imagined ; the house has not been free of visitors a single week since we have been here, and this is rather more than I can afford. My new work, I am happy to say, has been of the greatest service to me, and few things have ever given me so much pleasure as the testimonies received from various quarters. A week ago I received a letter from the Trevanion family, warmly expressive of the gratitude and enthusiasm they had felt at seeing their ancestor's character so treated. You will excuse, I know, my mentioning these things, for I know they would give pleasure to your mind. Mrs. C.

sends her kindest remembrances, and will be happy with me to see you both beneath our roof in Paris ; it would be quite an entire and delightful novelty, being your first visit abroad.

Remember me most particularly to John. The weather here is very beautiful, and I trust it will continue so during our journey, as we set out to-morrow.—I am, dear William, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

GROVE HOUSE, 9th June.

LETTER XXIX.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Grove House, Blackbeath, 26th June 1829.

Jenkyns laid claim to the Manor of Alverton.

Jos. Vivian of Roseworthy, born at Camborne, 1785 ; he was son of Mary Carne and John Vivian.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I should have answered your last letter sooner, but wished to send a copy of my new work at the same time. You will receive it in two or three days, included in Mr. Lake's parcel. It gives me great pleasure to say, which perhaps I

may be allowed to do, that the sale has been very extensive and the reviews favourable. For this I feel very grateful, it being of so much consequence to the welfare of my future publications. You will see that it is chiefly on Cornish ground that I have chosen the best period probably of our history. Honor Middlar is drawn in a great measure from life; she now lives a few miles from Falmouth. Sir Beville Granville, the finest character our county has ever produced, I have adhered chiefly to history in. The quarrel between the two squires, in which one turned the other out of doors at night, took place between Dr. Madern and Jenkins, as they were quarrelling about their families; the former was obliged to lodge all night in the church porch. If you and Eliza are pleased with the work, it will give me the deepest satisfaction. Mrs. C. sends her kindest remembrances to her and yourself, and hopes John will accept of another Annual at the close of the year. If you know of any materials for a tale among the fishermen or smugglers, for the last twenty years—any traits of daring or crime, or any mining novelties, or fearful events among them, it may be of much use to me at a future time. I cannot

forgive cousin Jos. Vivian for a very unkind and wanton breach of a promise to me. While at his house, last year, he faithfully engaged to send me the particular account of a strange circumstance that happened about twelve years since, I think in a mine near Redruth. A Captain—I forget the name—was lost underground. The ground fell in around him : his widow married again, and two years after his body was discovered, perfectly preserved, the features undecayed, in a hard, crystallised, and mineral state, and was brought up and conveyed to the dwelling of the lately married wife, whose surprise and anguish at the sight were very great. It excited a great noise in the neighbourhood. I have written several letters to Jos. Vivian requesting the letter he promised about it, and sent him a copy of my *Tales*. He has never taken the slightest notice of them, or given me a word of reply.

Perhaps, with a little trouble, you might be able to glean the particulars of this event, and send them to me very soon : the materials, for a tale, are excellent.

You would hardly suspect that a man who had injured me so much and wantonly as Rowe of

Launceston appears to have done with your relations, from what I remember of a conversation with you, could now search me out with the most assiduous attention, come and dine at my house with every profession of kindness, and solicit my aid and countenance to some little pieces of writing of his, in order to gain them attention. I leave you to judge if any honourable or gentlemanly feeling can exist in the mind of a man who can act thus.

I find from home that Father's health continues very good, and that James's wife is better, which I am very glad to hear. What dreadful event has taken place in the family of Sir Rose Price? I have heard a rumour, but no particulars. Do give me what home news you know.

Your sweet little place begins no doubt to look . . . all . . . now; the garden and orchard covered with blossom. We intend to leave this place in ten days, and set out for Paris, for I only took my house to the 1st of June. I am now engaged in a work, the ground of which is laid partly in France; and it will perhaps be of great use to me to be near the Royal Library in Paris, which is the best in Europe. We shall pass some

months there, and return again in the close of the year.

Please to give my affectionate regards to Eliza and my dear little nephew, and believe me, dear William, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

GROVE HOUSE, BLACKHEATH, *Monday.*

You can direct your letter here, and should it be too late it will be sure to be forwarded. Do let me hear from you very soon.

LETTER XXX.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Paris, 15th August 1829.

PARIS, 15th Aug., HÔTEL D'ASTRACAN,
RUE DE GRENNELLE.

DEAR FATHER,—Since leaving Blackheath my health has been very good, and with the change of air and living, with the more exercise perhaps that

I have taken, I have grown much stouter. The weather here has, however, been in general very bad, the same as you have had in England, but it is now begun to be fine. I have not heard from home these three months, so am ignorant of all the news and events that have happened there. Your health, I trust, has not suffered from the wet and unwholesome season we have had ; the corn and fruits have everywhere been greatly injured, and in the west of Cornwall the rains must have been very heavy. The badness of the times also as to business, etc., is felt as much here as at home. In Paris there is a general complaint of the stagnation of trade and poverty, and the number of travellers from our own country is not more than half the usual number. We have not quitted this city to travel any further, as my time is too much occupied in writing, for which I have the greatest facilities in the free admission to the Royal Library. In the course of a few months we shall return from here to our former place of residence, at Blackheath. I suppose the pilchard season is nearly begun at home ; the wet and stormy weather seems to promise a bad one. To-day here the wind and rain were more like in the

month of November than August. Please to remember me very kindly to William, when you see him. I have written him, I believe, two letters some months since without receiving any reply. I hope nothing adverse has happened to him; that he has not been ill, or still more earnestly I hope that he has not again meddled in any way with business, which would only lead him to misery; but I trust he still goes on in his tranquil and comfortable way of life, than which I never saw him happier. I will thank you to remember me kindly to the Miss Milletts, and to Henry Penneck when you see him. When you send my quarterage next month it will be better to pay it in from Lubbock's to Rothschilds' in London, who will transmit it to their house in Paris; this is the way adopted by most of the English here, and it is the cheapest, for R. make no charge for doing it.

I shall be happy to hear from you, and with my earnest wishes for your health and welfare, I am, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO HIS FATHER.

*From Grove House, Blackheath, 29th December 1829.**29th December.*

DEAR FATHER,—I wrote you about a fortnight since, but am afraid that my letter may have miscarried, as it was left at a solicitor's office in the city, to be taken to the post by his clerk, and I thought it might be better, in case of accident, to write this. I am now settled in my new situation at Blackheath, and feel already the great benefit of a healthy air and good exercise, being in the centre of a fine open country, far removed from the close streets of London. I received a letter of yours, addressed to William, five or six weeks ago, which I destroyed as he was not coming, not finding anything of consequence in it; it had an enclosure for me. I mentioned in my last that I had purchased and sent off two quarter casks of wine for James, about which I have written him, the wharfage, casing, etc., on the whole £40, 9s. I am very

busy at present, my new work, which is coming out in a very handsome style, requiring great attention, and I have nearly finished a volume of *Recollections of the East*, also to be published this season, of which I hope you will accept a copy. I trust this very mild and warm weather agrees with your health, and that you are able to take your daily walks as in summer, for I have never known such an unusual season.—I am, dear Father, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

GROVE HOUSE, BLACKHEATH.

LETTER XXXII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Paris, 25th January 1830.

25th January.

MY DEAR FATHER,—When I wrote my last letter I had no idea of being obliged to remain till now in Paris, but the dreadful severity of the weather has been such as to render it impossible

to travel. I never, even in Switzerland, experienced such intense cold ; far greater, I imagine, than it has been in England, for many people have been found dead in the streets and in the roads around the city : three perished six days ago in the way to St. Cloud, five miles from here. I have heard that it has been extremely cold also in the west of Cornwall ; and have felt very anxious to know how it affected your health, and fear that it must have suffered from it, and beg that you will write very soon to let me know. My own health has been little the worse for it, though for several weeks it was difficult to have any exercise, but to keep in-doors almost all day. My wife's health, I am sorry to say, has been failing the last two months, and seems to have sunk beneath the changes of weather ; but I trust our native air will speedily restore it. In one of your letters you spoke of a volume of *Recollections*, since published ; many months since I directed a friend in town to send you down, through Terrell & Bell, a bound copy, which, I trust, you have ere this received, for he wrote me to say it should be duly sent some time since ; but should you not have received it, please to say, and I will have it sent immediately.

I look forward with great pleasure to return to the habits, etc., of our own land, feeling now the necessity as well as comfort of having a settled and permanent home. And this will be the last time, in all probability, that I shall leave it. My time here has been chiefly occupied in a new work which will be ready in May or June. I am glad to find that things in the bookselling world look better than they have done the last nine months, which, owing to the badness of the times and the scarcity of money in trade, proved on all hands for the publishers the worst and heaviest season they had known.

I was much concerned to hear in your last of the death of my old friend Colonel Sandys, who appeared to promise a much longer life. It seems to me but yesterday since I used to meet him in full health and lively spirits and zeal. Was his end attended with much peace and comfort? Perhaps it was too sudden for them. Does Mrs. S. continue to live at Lanarth? I should think she would hardly keep up so large a house. How does the Circuit get on during these bad times? I see in the list of collections throughout the kingdom, that the Methodist exceeded all the

others. What preachers have you this year? Often, very often, I have wished for the simple and fervent meetings such as I used to go to in the country, to which I have never found the least resemblance in all my travels. There was more sincerity and far more happiness in them. Nothing ever showed me the hollowness of the most splendid and solemn outward services than those in the great church of St. Peter at Rome, where the Pope and his cardinals all knelt before the great altar, and lamps of silver and gold were burning round, and many odours, and all the priests were chanting in the finest tones to the sound of the organ. It was perhaps the most awful and magnificent religious ceremony in the world, but it left the heart as cold and unimpressed as ever. My old companion, poor Mr. Wolf, has been hardly treated in the East; he has been bastinadoed in Smyrna by the Governor, and is very likely soon to finish his course there, for now that the English are no longer so popular with the Turks, his way will be made rough and dangerous. I hope James and his family are all well at Plymouth. I have heard that he is much liked there and useful to his people. It is a situation of great

interest and excitement ; if they do not prove too much for his constitution. When you write next, please to give my love to them as well as to William and his wife. If Mr. Seckerson is living, remember me kindly to him, for death has been so rife of late as not to leave us certain whom he has called. Is Mr. Dion Williams of the Land's End living still? I should like much to know, for he was very failing when I spent a night at his house the last time I was home. The weather has now just begun to break, but we shall not leave for London till the end of next month, when travelling by night will be mild and safe. In consequence of the last heavy season with Colburn and all the publishers, the returns of my work will not be received till April or May; the credit for the sale of books being twelve months instead of six, as I first stated. The favour I have to ask, and which I shall never have to request again, is, if it will not be of inconvenience to you, to let me have my next quarterage the 20th of February instead of the 20th of March, as the expenses of the journey will come and I shall have a few accounts to pay here before leaving, so that I shall not have quite enough ; this will oblige me very much. With my

warmest wishes for the continuance of your health, and that every blessing may attend you, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

4 RUE DU DAUPHIN,
RUE RIVOLI.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Greenwich, 4th May 1830.

4th May 1830.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your last letter of a week since gave me great pleasure, the more so as it was so long since I had heard from you last. The letter addressed to me at Colburn's never came to hand. I regret this the more as I should then have received an account of Joseph's illness, which did not reach me till long after his recovery. It was a very severe and dangerous attack that brought him to the brink of the grave, and appears to have been caused chiefly by his own carelessness. It was a great joy to me to hear of his restoration: his death would have been a severe

loss to all of us in point of management of things hereafter perhaps: to me it would have brought many keen feelings, being abroad and knowing nothing at the time of it. This event has revived in my mind many old kindnesses at his hands and proofs of attachment. Such a nearness to the grave is indeed a sure destroyer of all bitterness, coldness, and estrangement. The chief danger will be the recurrence of the complaint again. The Bath waters may do something; the most efficient remedy, in my opinion, would be an easy journey abroad with daily change of air and diet. I hear the family have been living some time at Madron at the vicarage, but where this dwelling is I cannot recollect. It is a very happy visit Eliza and you appear to have made to Penzance, and such a reception and attentions must have been doubly sweet after what is past, and so long an absence to her; it did away no doubt with many a bitter remembrance. Still the abode of true comfort and safety, believe me, is in your own cottage at Mylor—away from the hollowness as well as inconstancy of the world, and I earnestly trust no thought of leaving it will ever enter your mind. I have heard many accounts of the great

comfort and happiness in which you live there from people who have come up ; I do not think another spot so cheap and so pleasant could be had in the whole parish. My dear little nephew appears to thrive well. I should like much to see him, as well as to taste the cream of your dairy, whose praises have reached me, and would be a great luxury here. How does John like his great book of travels ? They are an everlasting source of amusement at his age as well as to older people ; I think I could read them over again with nearly as much pleasure as ever. Remember me and Mrs. C. affectionately to Eliza and to my nephew. Her health, I am sorry to say, is little better, and we think about the end of June of trying a change of air, and taking a tour of two or three months in Scotland. We have been much solicited of late by some friends in Edinburgh to go and live in that neighbourhood ; this has long, as you know, been my desire, but I cannot see my way clear yet, and shall make no decision for some time to come, but a change of air for a short time is absolutely necessary for her. My own health is excellent, and I have no reason to complain of fortune or fate in any way. We shall perhaps

go only to the sea-coast, as it is the sea air that is most wanted. My works, of which you kindly inquire, have done well, and *Stratton Hill* repaid me handsomely; as for the publisher, he will have little reason to complain. The last volume of *Recollections* has been remarkably successful, far more than I could ever have anticipated; it is a small volume, of which I shall be glad to ask your acceptance of a copy. The publishing trade is a hundred-fold more dead at present than two years since; last season was a very heavy one, the general stagnation of all business fell also on books, and this season looks at present to be quite as bad. I feel grateful for your opinion of *Stratton Hill*; it is a delight to me that it has been approved of in the very scenes which I endeavour to celebrate. Colburn is publishing a third edition of *Letters from the East*.

Dr. Boase, whom you have seen perhaps ere this, has been here whiffing about. He wishes strongly to change the theatre of his practice, and touch more of the god of this world—*cash*; but where the field is so thickly and previously peopled, it is not easy to come in for a share of the spoil, and his figure and address are so much against him.

He is resolved to leave Falmouth, but where to bend his course he does not know. There will probably be physicians wanted in the Swan River or Fernando Po, and these settlements would have all the charm of novelty.

When you answer this, which I hope will be soon, give me all the news. Sam John has played a strange card, and Sir Rose not a much better one for his family's sake. Mr. George John has set up his carriage in his old age; one must begin to doubt the truth of Solomon's saying that there is nothing new under the sun. My old friend Dr. Willyams is dead, I find, and am very sorry to hear it. Is the Vatican taken at Penzance? I hear a deplorable account of the want of strangers there, of houses lying on hands, the building of little clusters of dwellings like pig-styes marring all the charms of prospect. I fear the place will never be again what it has been: the few old families left must feel the change acutely. I shall be glad to know the event of the trial between the Banks and Moore Tonkin. What do you think of it? It seems hard on a man on such confined income. And tell me how the Bath waters agree with Joseph. Why cannot a man with such

other resources and science leave off business ; at least let it hang looser about him, and ease his spirit of some of its anxieties ? It is time he should enjoy life more than he has done, but his taste in this respect differs so widely from our own. With his fortune I should prefer an excellent house in the country with a choice garden, a choice bottle of wine for my friends, a tour occasionally to vary the scene, and show my daughters the world and society. It is said their tastes are growing more gay than their parent's. Have you seen Coulson lately ? He keeps up, I am told, a sort of patriarchal hospitality in the wild valley, though he does not much resemble the patriarchs in every other point. With our joint and kindest regards, believe me, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From 186 Sloane St., London, July 1830.

John was now engaged by Murray to write the *Lives of the Missionaries*.

LONDON, *Thursday*.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your kind letter, and was glad to hear of the welfare of all under your roof, and of my little nephew too, whom, I think, I shall hardly know again, he will be grown so much. I hope his mind improves also, and that he will be a clever fellow: there never was a period in which information of all kinds is made so easy and agreeable and cheap as now. Whether it is not as well to leave children to their own bias and taste in some measure, I greatly doubt. I can fancy John bending over his large books of travels, and dreaming with delight of the lands and climates, while he looks again and again on the plates; in such a way has many a powerful imagination been fostered, and many a daring and adventurous character formed.

Lord Byron said, the first and chief thing that turned his mind to Oriental scenes, and filled his fancy with that rich poetical imagery, was the so often reading, when a boy, Rycaut's *History of the Turks and Travels Among Them*. I was glad to hear of Edith's marriage. She was a fine and amiable girl, and I have no doubt will make a good wife, and a trip to India is a finer thing for the honeymoon than staying at home or a tour to Paris. I hope the climate will not deal too hardly with her. It is a sad dead season for marrying. What with the incessant travelling abroad of Englishmen, and the scarcity of money and expense of establishments at home, the greater part of our young women must be content to lie on the shelf. Mrs. C. and myself feel greatly indebted for your and Eliza's kind and pressing invitation to come and see you at Mylor; it would give us very great pleasure, but at present it is not possibly in my power, owing to an engagement I have entered into with Murray. Few things would give us so much gratification as to spend two or three weeks beneath your roof, in the calm, rich scenery of Mylor. The time will come, we hope, when we shall see it, but I am absolutely

obliged to remain all the summer and autumn in town, to write several volumes on a rather religious subject, which Mr. Lockhart wishes to appear, the first volume at least, in a few months. But for this engagement, which is a very recent one, I should have been at liberty. But one's interest must be attended to ; for this circumstance is fortunate, considering the great stagnation that has fallen on literary things the last two years. The returns are no longer the same either to author or publisher ; and though the profits of my two last works have been very fair, there is still much unpaid that I expected to receive. In consequence, I have taken a house in town, for it is necessary for me to be very near the libraries and old books in order to prosecute my work. It is an excellent house, in a very pleasant situation, with Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, St. James's, and the Green Parks, all within five minutes' walk, and the Thames, about half a mile, where it runs with a beautiful sweep beside Chelsea Gardens ; in the evening this is a lovely walk.

I had best part finished my letter, when yours of this morning came, and only increases my regret as well as Mrs. C.'s, that we cannot accept your

invitation. We feel it as warmly as if we were now seated in your little garden or parlour. She sends her kindest regards to Eliza and yourself. I am very glad to hear that Joseph is so much better, which I had heard before ; if he keeps his mind free from care and anxiety, he may be brought about again. I earnestly hope he will have the forbearance to pursue this course.

Henry Penneck has just called—he seems to be but unwell, and is going down to Cambridge to take his M.A. degree—so that I have some Penzance news from him. Father was pretty well the last time he wrote, a few days since.

I find Joseph has taken and enlarged old Purser Hoskin's cottage near Madron ; it must be very small for all the family, but it has a very fine air. Please to give my warmest regards to Eliza and my nephew John, and believe me, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

186 SLOANE ST.

My trip to Scotland also I have had to sacrifice, to which I have so long looked forward ; but I suppose we are seldom to have all we wish for in life.

LETTER XXXV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Sloane Street, 19th July 1830.

The Mr. Bulwer mentioned afterwards became Lord Lytton.

The Work which John believes that his father will not like was called *The Exiles of Palestine*.

DEAR FATHER,—I beg the favour of your discounting for me the enclosed draft, due to me for some of my writings, from Mr. Hall, Editor and part proprietor of *The Amulet*. It should have been a regular draft, but Mr. H. is an honest man, and will pay it faithfully, having requested the credit of the four months. If you will be so kind as to return me an order on Lubbock's, by return of post, you will oblige me greatly, for if I was not certain of the payment I would not send it you.

I have taken a house in town for twelve months, being obliged so to do by new engagements, which will occupy me constantly all that time. I would far rather have been in the country air or near the sea, but I must conform to circumstances, having so many works to con-

sult and refer to, and plates to have engraved, etc. It is very fortunate for me that I have got this engagement, for no publisher in London now, such is the stagnation of the trade, will give any money down for a book.

I shall be sure to send you my books as soon as ever they come out, as well as the next in the beginning of October. I do not think you will like it, but it is the last of the kind I shall ever write, and I had no other subject at the time. To keep up a house in town requires additional exertions, but I have no fear of getting on well and comfortably. My wife's health is very much better. Strange to say, it began to improve from the time she came to London, where we have been now about a month. I shall be glad to hear any news about the elections: who is likely to be returned for Penryn and St. Ives? There is a gentleman, a Mr. Bulwer, a young man of good family and fortune, gone down to canvass for the former, without knowing a human being there: he is a noted writer of the day, and requested me so earnestly for any letters, that I gave him one to William, and even to Joseph, should he go so far as Penzance. The latter, I am rejoiced to hear,

is greatly restored and returned home. I trust he will guard carefully against any future attack. Henry Penneck passed two other days with me here ; his temper, as well as manners, seem to partake somewhat of the ailments of the body, to be irritable and obstinate.

They say if you wish to get rid of a friend, the best way is to lend him money, or to befriend his writings ; without meaning any ill, but while seeking to do good, I have incurred, I believe, the coldness and suspicion of two or three persons from Cornwall of late, who came to me with some crude poetry or prose to get inserted in annuals, magazines, etc., as if I had influence with the owners as a thing of course : no less than four applications I have received lately, and had the thankless office of returning the works to the writers after doing my best for them.

I suppose William will be full of activity at the Penryn election, which, if contested, will be very interesting ; he may perhaps be able to be of some service to Mr. Bulwer. Mr.* Bunting nearly lost his life here a few weeks ago ; indeed I have not heard if he is yet recovered. Going to the gallery of the House of Commons one night, all the

strangers were ordered to withdraw, and in rushing in again, he struck his leg a violent blow ; on coming home he found his boot filled with blood, and from the effects was confined, in great danger, to his bed for many days.

I hope to be able about Christmas, or quickly after, to come down to see you ; I can then spare three weeks or a month to run down merely to see you, for pleasure will then, as to the country or weather, be out of the question ; but my time, I know, will pass pleasantly at home. I receive very kind and useful attention in my work, especially from the Church Mission Society, in whose library there are very valuable letters, little known, from some of the earliest missionaries.

There is a good subject in old Mrs. Kilham, the widow of the seceder from the Methodists, who went to Africa, to the Foulah country, and published a little work : she is a Quakeress, and, unfortunately for my object, is still living.

Will you have the kindness to send me the order by return of post, and it will greatly oblige, dear Father, your affectionate Son, JOHN CARNE.

186 SLOANE STREET,
LONDON, 19th July.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 21st September 1830.

DEAR FATHER,—I have called for my quarter-age, and find no credit for it has been received. Perhaps this is owing to my last letter, in which I requested you to write me in a few weeks with some Cornish information. But I thought there was always a credit for the sum at Lubbock's, and that your order was only a matter of form. It is, however, easily rectified : shall I beg you will have the kindness to send me an order by return of post, as I am in present want of the money, and I will call here again on Friday? My health is pretty well. I shall have the pleasure to send my next work in a few weeks.

With my best wishes for your health and comfort, I am, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LONDON, 21st September.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Sloane Street, 6th December 1830.

186 SLOANE STREET.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I should have written you sooner, but have heard of your health and welfare from James, who passed eight or ten days with me a few weeks ago. He seemed to like the change of air and scene for a short time, but was much dejected about the health of his wife. I was very sorry to hear such an account of her, and fear that the complaint is lingering and probably not curable. By a letter just received from him, I find he has lost his infant child. He told me also of William's at last leaving his cottage and going to live at Wood Cottage of Dr. Fox's. I know the place well, having once gone to see the doctor there, and though I felt regret at first that he should leave a place where he had been so comfortable, I hope no harm will result from it: that it will not lead him into habits of greater expense. Joseph's health I hope continues to

improve : relaxation from business will be the best remedy. My own, I regret to say, has suffered from too much application : my pursuit of books is drawing to a close : my great desire now is to retire to live in peace and quiet. I have lost the sight of one eye entirely, as James has probably informed you—the right eye, and am unable to see scarcely a glimpse of light. This is a great affliction, but I have borne it without murmuring. I shall leave London shortly. I had taken my house for a year, but my landlady wishes to enter it herself at the end of the half year, and I have gladly accepted her offer, as I only came to London to finish my literary engagements with Murray.

We set out for Scotland the end of this month, where I shall settle definitely—a thing I have long wished to do. London is too expensive to live in longer, and the state of my health will not allow it ; too much application to writing has been the sole cause of the loss of my eye. I am prescribed fresh air and country scenes, with disengagement of mind as the best remedy, and Scotland is the only place I feel a strong attachment to as a country. I shall take a house and garden in the

neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where rent as well as the necessities of life are cheap, from every inquiry I have made. There is little cause besides for sacrificing my health any longer for literature ; it is now a mere drug, and pays little. Colburn is now retiring from business, and has taken in Bentley as a partner : their affairs are in so complicated a case, that, though they owe me money, such is the stagnation of business in the book trade, I cannot get a pound more from them. My new work, now publishing, I have not received a farthing for : whether I shall or not depends entirely on the sale. Murray's volume, which will be published in March, is the only one that is sure to pay me, and he has declined payment until the time of publication : the second volume will be out next June.

I entreat that you will enable me to put in practice my plan of retirement ; else I must still labour at the oar. The whole amount I have received this year for my writings is £80 for tales and articles in periodicals, etc. The prospect now before me is to conclude my engagement with Murray for the *Lives of the Missionaries*, and then to retire from writing. I trust you will

allow me the means of a peaceful home, where I may enjoy quiet and health. There is a house and garden near the sea, two miles from Edinburgh, that my friends have sought out for me, to which I intend to go. You have furnished William with the means of making his new home comfortable and pleasant: he writes me of your kindness to him, as well as offer to purchase the house and grounds at £700, and deduct it from his property to be left at your death. I beg that you will manifest the same kindness to me; if you will deduct the sum of £20 for interest, and make my income £300 a year, and advance the £400 when I am settled in Scotland and shall write you. I had depended on Murray's paying me for the first volume of the *Missionaries* on delivery. It is finished, and in his hands, and now printing, but he declines paying me till the publication. In consequence of this disappointment I have some things to pay, which I am not prepared to meet, at Christmas. I entreat that you will advance me £100 in addition to the quarterage, and it shall be faithfully repaid from my second volume of the *Missionaries* that will come out in June. I am quite sure of my money from Murray, who is an

honourable man. I have Mr. Lockhart's guarantee also, as well as for the three volumes. The neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as well as other parts of Scotland, I find to be as cheap as the West of Cornwall, and have no fear of living there on my income, with some literary exertion sufficient to keep up the excitement of the mind, and preserve it from indolence. Our term is out on the 21st, on which day we must leave this house, and I will call on the 20th at Lubbock's.—I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Sloane Street, 10th December 1830.

186 SLOANE STREET.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your kind letter gave me very great pleasure, as well as relieved my mind from all anxious or uneasy feelings as to your change of situation. Wood Cottage will no doubt be a more agreeable residence, and have more

resources for your leisure time, and I trust Eliza and yourself will be more happy there. Between the farm, the dairy, the garden, and the boating, the days will be pleasantly occupied. I wish I could look in upon you now, or when the spring begins to appear, but this will not be possible. Many thanks for your kind invitation to Mrs. C. to come and try your healthy air, but we never go anywhere alone ; in a short time we shall bend our steps north, instead of west, proposing to set out for Scotland to settle finally. You know for how many years I have longed to do this, but never have been able to bring it to bear. What I regret as much as anything, is the distance at which it will separate me from you, but I do trust you will come and see us there. Can you not come next summer ? There are few things so delightful as a tour in Scotland, and I know so many pleasant people there, but I must tell you the reasons that induce me now to take this step.

I had taken my house in Sloane Street for a year, but my landlady wishes greatly to come in herself at Christmas, and this meets my views also, for I am equally anxious to leave London, where the health of both Mrs. C. and myself is

affected, and I find the expense more than I can well bear. The neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as well as other parts of Scotland, is, I find, as cheap as the west of Cornwall.

My friends have looked out a house for me two miles from the city, on the sea-shore, amidst fine scenery; the rent is low, it has a nice garden, coals are produced, as you know, around Edinburgh, and are to be had for a trifling expense. Fish, meat, ale, etc., are all as low as at Falmouth, so that I shall live at half the expense there to what I do in London.

There is another and yet more important reason—do not be alarmed; but, owing to my over application to writing, I have quite lost the sight of one of my eyes. This has been the case for some months. I did not like to tell you or father about it, and have borne the affliction, I believe, without murmuring, but James perceived it, and has, no doubt, written home about it. One feels a delicacy and a pride—false, I allow—at a defect of this kind. I have found every sympathy and advice from my friends here, but sympathy cannot cure it. I am prescribed fresh country air and scenery, leisure to the mind, and by no means to

write as I have done. It fell heavily on my spirit at first, but that is now quite passed off.

You will receive in a few days, by Mr. Lake's parcel, a copy of my new work, *The Exiles of Palestine*, and Mrs. Hall's beautiful *Juvenile* for John. My *Lives of the Missionaries* comes out, the first volume in March, the second in June. To my great disappointment, Murray declines paying till publication : it is his rule, he says, and on referring to his account book, I find that Sir Walter Scott and Washington [Irving] were paid only on publication—at six months' date bills, which is Murray's constant way of payment.

Now, my dear brother, if I have ever been your friend in past life—and that I have been so gives me, even now, some of my happiest feelings—I beg you will be mine on this occasion. It requires no sacrifice on your part, nor on any one's. I have entreated father to lend me £100 with my next quarterage that I receive on the 20th of this month. This I am faithfully to be repaid out of the second volume of my *Lives*, in June, for I have Mr. Lockhart's agreement for three volumes.

I do not believe father will ever refuse me this kindness ; it is only the loan for a few months. I

have entirely depended on Murray's paying me ere this for the first volume, which is now going through the press. Hitherto I have always been paid for my works on delivery of the manuscript ; in consequence I shall be distressed on the 20th greatly if I do not receive this loan. The term of my house is upon the 21st, and I must leave it. It is possible that father will refuse to do this ; if he does, it will be one of the most unkind and unfeeling things, now, above all, that my personal affliction, brought on by intense application to my works, makes me feel acutely any unkindness. Will you make me so much your debtor as to go over to Penzance, and insure the loan of this £100 added to my quarterage ? If it was not of the last consequence to me I would not thus have written, so that I receive it on the 20th of this month. Father need not and cannot doubt my word that it shall be paid in the summer. With my kindest regards to Eliza and John, believe me, dear Brother, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO HIS FATHER.

From 26 Sloane Street, 8th January 1831.

26 SLOANE STREET.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your last letter with enclosure, for which I felt deeply obliged. My asking it was quite unexpected: had Mr. Murray paid my labour for six months, at the usual time, on the delivery of the manuscript, it had been unnecessary. I have been unable to leave London at the time intended from the necessity of being on the spot to inspect the proof-sheets of my first volume of *Missionaries*. The printing, from the number of works in the Family Library, goes on slowly, and I would not trust another's eye on my work. I continue to receive kind assistance in its progress from persons I hardly expected. Sir Alexander Johnstone, chief judge of Ceylon for twenty years, is deeply interested in it, and has been of much service to me: he calls once or twice every week, and his conversation is full of knowledge about India. He has procured for me a

capital likeness of Swartz, the celebrated missionary, the only one I believe existing. The engraving from it forms the frontispiece of the volume. Murray has gone to the expense of forty guineas for it. They have harassed me a good deal lately, up even to the last week, about the sentiment and tone in which the volume was written—not for any defects of feeling or style. Mr. Lockhart's letter to me from Scotland was very flattering: at his request I sent him there in the summer the life of Eliot; he returned it with an entire approval, and only a few slight corrections. But it seems that Murray, who is of the High Church party, and is the publisher for the aristocracy and the clergy, has been advised that the spirit of my book is too spiritual—too much of religion, with here and there a little cant. Murray wished the manuscript to be purged of all these passages, and made more calm and moral. I refused absolutely, knowing very well that this would hinder its sale with the Dissenters and Methodists, and change the spirit of the whole work. I appealed to Mr. Lockhart, who has already acted most kindly and honourably to me: he insisted the alteration should not be made, and that the work pass immediately through

the press. Man of the world as he is, and of questionable morals, it is strange how just is his view at times on these subjects: when desirous one day to give me his idea how the work should be written, 'I wish, Mr. C.,' he said earnestly, 'you would show clearly how Eliot's mind was first brought to God.' Was it not for him, I should just be at the mercy of the publishers, who, from all my experience of them, are a race of men that prey upon authors' brains, and souls, and health, with little feeling or compunction. Fame is dearly earned, though I have reason to be very grateful for the portion that has fallen to me. I am willing to bear the partial loss of sight, and the unremitting application of years without a murmur. The success of my new work, *The Exiles of Palestine*, has been beyond all my hopes, and is of the greatest service to me. I was doubtful of it myself, but the public have received it most kindly and warmly: the reviews, from the *Literary Gazette*—which I beg you to read, for it is beautifully written—down to the newspapers, have adopted the same tone of favour. My sight is the same, and is not likely to change, except I submit to an operation: it has been advised by some, but I fear

the risk and the pain. Mr. Ware, the oculist, who married Butterworth's niece, has spoken as a friend to me, and advised change of air and the mind to be kept free. I cannot leave town for two months, for I see that my work will not be published sooner. I have altered my mind also about Scotland, and shall not at present go there. You are right in refusing to advance the £400; I should not have requested it but for what James decidedly told me of your advances to make William comfortable, as also in the latter's letter to me. The expense of the journey northwards is more than I can now afford, though it is a cheap place if once settled there. Be assured, as I said to you before, that I had never come again to London but on account of the 'Missionary' work; it obliged me to be on the spot to collect books and authorities. There is no sin here so great as the appearing poor; the appearance I have made has served me in many ways. My debts, to which you allude, are very slight, and very easily discharged with little inconvenience. There is one thing comforts me, that, amidst the various society I have kept, my character has been preserved untainted. Mr. Lockhart and Murray would

never have chosen me to write this work had they not believed there was some influence of religion on my mind and conduct. There were very many men of talent closely connected with them as writers. Lockhart said he had been for several months looking out for a suitable writer, and they selected me out of all London: 'he will write it feelingly' was the expression. One favour only I ask, that you will be so kind as to deduct £20 from the June quarter and the whole of the autumn quarter. If you can delay these few months, you will free me from my embarrassments and make my future way clear. I am glad to hear that you are all well at home. Remember me kindly to every one. My wife's health is better of late. I am removed from my house to apartments in the same street at about half the rent. Few afflictions, it is said, are without a blessing: that of my sight, by compelling me to pass the whole evenings without reading or writing by candle light, has induced me to think more, and to enter much into my own heart. I have not been without comfort in religion, and have lately joined a class that meets in the Methodist Chapel in this street, their prayer-meetings also I join sometimes,

and like them greatly. God has been very gracious to me ; when I consider how few real troubles he has tried me with, I cannot murmur at this light affliction. Above all, I feel that He is once more visiting me in kindness and mercy, never, I trust, to pass away again : there is a presentiment in my mind that assures me of this. Do not ever forget to remember me in your prayers : much, very much of the mercy that has followed me is owing, I am convinced, to yours and mother's prayers. May every blessing follow you to the last ! Your kindness to me has been very great.—I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XL.

TO HIS FATHER.

From London, 6th April 1831.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your last kind letter, and was glad to hear of the continuance of your health : that cannot fail to feel the benefit of this delightful spring. Even here, from the

windows of the dull streets, the weather is delightful; what must it be around Penzance! My wife's health begins to feel the benefit of the season: that shall never more, any more than my own, be exposed to the evils and perils of a London life. For myself, I long for fresh air, and country walks, and the sight of the sea, as the thirsty man does for water. Your kind invitation to come and see William, which has been repeated in a letter from him, will be more for our welfare and peace, probably, than going to France. I find that the uneasiness of most of the English residents there increases, on account of the fear of war, though on the coast they are pretty secure. We have many friends or rather acquaintances there, and Mrs. C. is greatly attached to that country, as well as myself. But the change of view I have lately felt leads the choice to other blessings as well: I cannot but think religion is more simple and heartfelt in country scenes than in the town. What I have seen of Methodism in London, though I love it now wherever it is to be found, does not seem the same thing as I once knew it. I thank God I feel that, after many wanderings, my light is risen to go down no more.

I once knew less, but little, I might say, of the world or my own heart ; the inmost recesses of both have been laid open to me. The moments spent in prayer and communion with my own heart and with God are now the happiest of my life ; I have no more to be very anxious for in this life : the end for which I laboured so much in writing has been gained, and it is wiser for a man who has a certain reputation to sit down content, than risk the impairing it by further efforts. A competence in a cheap country is all we now seek, and that is not hard to find. My full purpose is to give much of my leisure, and all my faculties, to seek a meetness for heaven, and that peace that passeth understanding ; and the hopes, the ambitions, the restless desires that have for many years been given for the breath of favour of this world, will now be given to the world that will ere long open to receive me. ‘O thou eternity,’ says Swartz, in one of his letters, ‘to whose brink I now draw nigh, there is no darkness, no fear for me.’ William assures us of a kind and affectionate reception at his house, which I have no doubt of finding ; and describes his situation as very beautiful and healthful. The offer is a tempting one,

and we have resolved to embrace it, for I have no doubt it will greatly restore her health as well as my own. I think in about a fortnight we shall be able to leave London, and shall pass a few days with a friend at Bath, thence to Exeter, etc. ; so that there will be no night journeys. What you observe respecting the two next quarters will suit me very well. With our united love and best wishes, I am, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

LETTER XLI.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Sloane Street, 11th April 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Since writing you last I have nothing very new to say : the whole thoughts and conversation of people here are absorbed about the question of Reform ; there is no doubt of the passing of the Bill ; that takes away twenty-six members from Cornwall. The King is very popular with all classes ; the support and countenance of this Bill has raised him greatly in public estimation : nothing can now stand before the tide of public feeling. I am glad of it, for there is no

doubt it will tranquillise the country, and induce it to think once more of other things as well as politics. There never was such a stagnation known in the reading world : it is difficult to say whether authors or publishers are the greatest sufferers : but a recoil will ere long take place, and the good times return again. Many men I have known, who maintained their families respectably by their pens, are obliged to come on the Literary Fund, to which I am a subscriber, for support. We give as much as £40 and £50 to the more needy cases, and £20 or even £10 to the lowest : among the former was a writer of great eminence, at whose house I have dined and passed the evening more than once.

Dr. Clarke has not been without his share of troubles ; one of his sons-in-law, Mr. Hooke, has lately been a bankrupt, with seven children, and nothing left. The Doctor was previously, he told me, security for a sum of £400, borrowed by Mr. H. ; his furniture and effects were bought in by the family to prevent the creditors seizing them.

This has shaken the Doctor much : it is hard at his age to be thus harassed afresh. Preaching at Queen's Street Chapel, last Sunday, he was taken

ill, and obliged to close the service. I have met an old friend here who is now superintendent of this Circuit, Mr. Thomas Stanley : the same man as ever—the same plain, and rather dry, slow sermons. He was very glad to see me ; with regard to this world he is said to be rich, having, some years ago, married a second wife of good property : he has, however, a large family. Mr. Hill is greatly beloved and highly popular wherever he comes : I have never seen his mind so happy, or his temper so amiable. The death of his wife was certainly the cause of an increase, and a large one, of his religion. His son John has excellent abilities : whether they will shine at the bar is uncertain. I have opened a path for him lately, to write occasionally for the *Literary Gazette*, which will be of great service in accustoming him to write prose, and he has got no little credit. I have received so much kindness and information from the father, that I am very glad to make any return. With regard to my health, it is very good, except the affection of the right eye, the sight of which is for the present quite gone. This is caused entirely by a thin film forming over the iris : the eye itself beneath, so far from being lost or destroyed,

is bright and clear, and would be immediately restored by an operation. But I do not like to risk, and will rather trust to a change of air and habits, a cessation from writing or mental pursuits. I thank God the good influence he has restored to the heart, by afflicting the frame, remains still, nor do I believe it will pass away. The pleasure I have felt in again walking in 'His paths' is exceeding great, kept alive also by much private prayer. I was very glad to hear lately that Joseph's health was re-established. My wife's has been sinking fast, so that we are anxious to leave London quickly, which I shall never reside in again. We shall go, I believe, to the sea-coast, and shall cross over to the coast of France, which is cheaper, and which we prefer greatly to our own.

The cloud that is now hanging over literature and over my way as well as others, will soon be dispersed : the passing of the Reform Bill, all are aware, will restore things at once, by taking away the suspense and anxiety from the public mind. My first volume of *Lives of the Missionaries* is to be published the first of May, when I shall receive the price from Murray, and will instantly repay the loan you have so kindly made me.

My troubles will then be over this work has caused. But the deduction of £20 from the June, and the whole quarterage of September, which I begged you to make, will be a sure way, even should public affairs continue to be adverse and deceive my hopes. May I hope you will consent to this instead of deducting the £20 from this month's quarter, which will greatly serve me? I trust your health and strength are good: this delightful spring weather will make your walks very pleasant. Mrs. C. sends her best and warmest regards.—I am dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

26 SLOANE STREET.

LETTER XLII.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Penzance, 30th June 1834.

In what manner John Carne was occupied, or where he resided between 1831 and 1834, cannot be ascertained with any certainty.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—Your second letter I received this morning. The only drawback to the pleasure I feel is the fear you may be exerting

yourself too much on my account. Do not do this, I entreat of you. Eliza says the medical men think exercise beneficial, which I was glad to hear, for your first letter, so full of your exertions, made me reproach myself not a little. It was my opinion, from the first, that the medical men had been rather precipitate in their conviction of so speedy a cure while you are in their hands, so do not be uneasy about the length of time or of the expense. Father will not allow you to want any necessary supplies, for no doubt it is, and will be, more expensive than you could at first calculate. In the swift changes that are about us, it is an infinite mercy to have our life spared. And you, who so nobly adventured it for your brother's sake, when no one else would have gone, will not be forgotten before God, but will, I fervently hope, come back to us restored—at least so restored that a proper regimen and attentions here will perfect it. I begin to feel the void you have left behind, and to wish much to see and talk with you every now and then, for I cannot, and never did, as you know, feel the same confidence and unreserve with the rest of the family. Do not, my dear William, let me entreat you, neglect,

very often to cast all your care upon the mercy and care and faithfulness of Him who is the preserver of life as well as the Redeemer from all sin and fear. Poor Mr. Joseph Edwards died last Wednesday. A friend of ours, Miss Jewsbury, an authoress, etc., who sailed to India last year, capitally married, died of the cholera as soon as she landed. Mr. Coates has ever been a generous benefactor to me—his books will be a treasure. Do not hurry yourself at all about sending all in one lot now or in future. There will be enough for the present, and if you will be so kind as to send any works you receive by the next vessel, or the one after, they will do. I am delighted the parcel is coming so early by the *Amity*, for I am in great want of it, and shall be quite set up, and can well afford to wait the next. The two copies of *Bouhours's Life* are both translated by Dryden; the folio is perhaps the best. There is probably a portrait; if either one has a portrait, I should of course prefer it. *Gutzlaff* may be useful to me, if Ellis can lend it. I will send him the article on Sidon. Old Baines's *History of ye Church of Japan*, two volumes, octavo, will, I should think, be valuable: perhaps it is to be had moderate,

for I know he or his son offered Mr. Hill Bouhours's *Life of Xavier* for five shillings. If Baines and Son have any account of the Jesuit Missions, it may be useful. You can look at it and form your opinion as to its value or use. There is a life of Ricci, the only one, I believe, existing, by Father d'Orleans, published in Paris 1693, one volume, duodecimo; also Xavier's *Letters*, one volume, octavo, Paris in 1631, and Alegambe's *Lives of the Jesuits*. These three works I must write my friend Mr. Pope, in Paris, to procure and send over. I do not think you can possibly meet with them: it is worth while to inquire at one or two shops, but I insist on your not going about to seek them. The first inquiry will decide if they are likely to be had. There is a work more easily to be met with, *Churchill's Collection*, in several volumes, of various lives: it is rather an old book with some curious memoirs. Dr. Geddes's *Account of ye Church of Abyssinia*, if you will look at it; the Jesuits were there, but not more, I think, than fifty years, so it maybe useful as a whole. Lockman's *Travels of the Jesuits*, London, published in 1743, is compiled from the *Lettres Édifiantes*, a selection from which Mr.

Coates sends me. You can most probably meet with the three last works at Baines's. Lockman may have some very interesting matter. I fear that I shall be too troublesome to you. Let me entreat you to take time, and to consider that three or four weeks hence or more will be quite in time for any of these works.

We are all pretty well at home. Eliza does not appear to be unwell except in her anxiety on your account. John is quite well ; he stays with us a few days, and we are going to spend the Tuesday after to-morrow at the Jacksons', Paul. If you have not called on the Halls, will you please to send the letter in the twopenny post, and you can call yourself any fine day you may like ; they will be very glad to see you. I should think Mr. Ellis might help me to a useful book or two.

With heartfelt thanks for all your attentions to my wishes, so useful at this moment, believe me, ever yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.

Monday, 29th June.

LETTER XLIII.

TO HIS BROTHER, WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Penzance, 13th July 1834.

William Coulson, son of a Penzance miller, became an eminent surgeon in London.

Tom Pidwell, a medical man, who lived at Morrab House, Penzance ; he was father of Mrs. Robert Childs.

Elizabeth was youngest daughter of Joseph Carne.

Eliza, wife of William Carne, jun. ; she was daughter of John James of Roseinvale and of Jane Hosken of Carines.

Nicholas Millett was elder brother of John Millett of Bosavern.

John Millett married a sister of Mrs. Richard Bolitho.

DEAR WILLIAM,—We have been waiting to hear from you again, and we hope for a rather better account. By this time you have no doubt consulted Dr. Brodie : I shall expect something from his opinion, for he is a very eminent man. It is not quite satisfactory to see so little progress to a final cure. You have no doubt been in good hands ; I could wish they had been a little less confident at first. Are you as satisfied now of Coulson's skill and perfect acquaintance with

the complaint as you were at first? Mrs. Jones Pearce called here yesterday; she observed that she knew William Coulson well; he had attended her husband at Greenwich, where indeed I first met him. His error, she said, was rather too much rashness and confidence. He predicted that he would cure Jones in six weeks; how different was the result! I do trust all has been for the best, and that they have done as much as skill and attention could do. Sir A. Cooper entirely approved his treatment. Misgivings perhaps are very apt to creep into the mind. Joseph does not cease to regret that Tom Pidwell was not with him at the setting the leg; he was not to be found at the moment, and the four surgeons could hardly do anything that was unskilful, but he thinks his leg will be rather crooked: perhaps this will be the case, but it will be rather the fault of so bad a fracture than of any want of skill. He is doing very well and looks well, but is very anxious to get home, Elizabeth and Mrs. Carne being so ill, but this must not be for a month to come. Eliza comes home to-day from Truro, where her mother is in a perilous state. John has been an excellent boy during her absence; nothing can exceed his

attentions to his religious duties on Sundays, etc., which he has spent with Mrs. Garnon. Hosking James, Mrs. Edward, etc., passed an evening here a fortnight since: he looks as well as ever I saw him, and speaks highly of his new partner. William Berryman is returned too soon—far too soon for his good. Mr. B. is home; he is passing a few days at Plymouth. The waters at Ems did not suit him, so they came on to Paris, with which they were both delighted to excess. He was better there than anywhere else. He should have passed six weeks more in Paris. A curious event took place yesterday. You know young Nicholas Millett, brother of John, who set up as a surgeon and boarded at Richard Davy's the grocer. Yesterday morning he was married at Madron to Mrs. Davy's daughter, to the amusement of most and the horror of all his relations. I suppose Davy must give them both a knife and fork at his table. She had £10 a year, but it falls off on her marriage, and he has no patients. How Mr. and Mrs. J. M., Mrs. Lee, etc., and R. Bolitho will act in the matter is as yet a mystery. The Methodists have increased 17,000 last year. The founding of a College for

the education of the young men was carried by a large majority, many men of fortune from Manchester, Leeds, etc., offering large sums towards it. Mr. Davies goes to Lambeth, Mr. Hobson to Liverpool. I have now given you all the news. My wife sends her affectionate regards. Father is quite well and in excellent spirits.—Believe me, dear William, your most affectionate,

JOHN CARNE.

Wednesday, CAMPAGNE.

Do write me as soon as you can ; Mr. Vivyan inquires earnestly about you : he wants your aid and advice, I suppose, in the school, and wishes you were come. Mr. Rymal is laid up with an inflammation in his arm ; he looks melancholy, being treated so ill by the man who took his school, who is departed without paying the sum for the goodwill of the school or for the furniture. Perhaps he regrets now that he ever left Mylor. You remember Mr. Aver, twenty years since a preacher here ; he is come down to lay his bones here with six daughters, and has taken Mrs. Cobley's cottage on the cliff, with a small orchard, for £18 a year. The strangers are now as thick as bees at chapel, and more come still. John is just come to spend the afternoon ; he says his mother comes to-morrow.

LETTER XLIV.

TO HIS FATHER.

From Paris, 9th September 1835.

Fieschi (Joseph Marie) attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe, 28th July 1835.

Sir Sidney Smith defended Acre against Napoleon in 1799; died in Paris 1840.

DEAR FATHER,—Since leaving home we have had a succession of the most beautiful weather, which rendered the journey very agreeable—from Exeter to Southampton in one day, through a rich and varied country : to the outward look, prosperity and comfort seemed to be the portion of the people. On the Sunday, in Southampton, we heard, morning and evening, an able and celebrated Independent minister, a Mr. Atkins—in the best and most beautiful Dissenting chapel I ever saw—to an immense congregation, who pay him £500 a year. The next day was fair for the passage at five o'clock, but at night the wind was fresh ahead with some tumble, which made my wife and most of the passengers very ill; the cabins

were for sixteen hours a scene of great misery and complaining, for no pain or illness can exceed a deadly sea-sickness. I stayed on deck, as the weather was clear, all the night, walking about and lying down on a bench alternately, and was perfectly well: the sea breeze was so pure and bracing, and the sunrise so healthful. That voyage did me so much good that I have felt its effects ever since. The country around Havre is bold, striking, and full of fine walks; the town full of trade and bustle, for much of the commerce of Marseilles and Bordeaux is passing to Havre: the docks in the middle of the streets, and full of large vessels, the finest of which are the American packets. The houses are of great height, old and massive, all of stone: great numbers of English are settled in the environs, in the little villas and gardens which climb up the hills and overlook the scene on every side. In an ancient and noble Catholic church, in the centre of the town, an aged ecclesiastic was performing the mass; the paintings on the walls, the gold and silver of the high altar, the silence, and the early morning sun falling through the painted windows had an effect upon the senses. A few,

a very few, people were worshipping, each apart, kneeling beside a little chair—some ladies, and some poor—while without the doors all was bustle and business, and eager passing to and fro of many people of many nations. Religion is little thought of in Havre, which, from its great commerce and conflux of people and seamen, is said to be the most vicious and depraved town in France. The diligence left for Rouen the same evening, where we arrived the following morning, and in a few hours again left for Paris; where a delightful ride, at seven miles an hour, brought us, at seven on Wednesday evening and we got an apartment immediately in a quiet hotel, so clean and comfortable as to be like one's own house; for the French are greatly improved in these respects since we were here last. How beautiful and splendid Paris looks! the improvements are so great that we cannot recognise many quarters, foot pavements everywhere, and numerous noble streets, quite new. But the character and manner of the people are greatly changed for the worse: since the last Revolution, the men have lost all the politeness and kindness of demeanour; the women are not much behind them. We went to

the spot of Fieschi's attempt in the Boulevard du Temple. The wide street has a row of trees on each side, and in the middle the cavalcade was passing by: the house is mean and low, the lower story being a wine-shop; the third story, being a single room, whose low window touched the roof, was the place where Fieschi stood, his machine concealed by a Venetian blind outside. The two moments occupied in drawing aside the blind, enabled the king and his son to pass the middle of the window, but even then their escape was little less than miraculous. There were twenty-five musket barrels in a single row, and the four barrels to the left, exactly opposite the king and his son, did not one of them go off; otherwise, the French say, they must have been slain. From the elevation, the discharge passed over the heads of the people and soldiers on the footpath below, and fell on the midway and the path opposite; sixteen were killed, and thirty-three wounded, though the balls and slugs must—a good part of them, at least—have first passed through the branches of one of the trees in front. The good fruits of a Revolution must perhaps be reaped by the next generation, the present is

seldom a gainer in any great degree: the three glorious days have given a boldness and rudeness, an affected independence to the tastes, feelings, and conversation of the French, which does not all become them, while in real liberty they have, at this moment, less than under Charles the Tenth: many are the acts of cruel and individual oppression, which the latter was not guilty of. The king has gained much by the foul attempt on his life, but like all the Bourbons he has not the tact and prudence to take advantage of the auspicious chances cast in his way.

There is a beautiful new English church built here, with an organ and singers, which was filled last Sunday morning by a numerous congregation, and in the evening I went to seek out Mr. Newstead's chapel, near the Palais Royal, and found it was recently removed to another spot, a mile and a half distant in the Rue St. Honoré. The evening was beautiful, and the sun just setting on the palaces and lofty houses of the city; the rolling of carriages, and the passing to and fro of multitudes of people to whom the Sabbath was now finished—it seemed to me that the search after a fervent and sincere company of Methodists in such a

scene, was like that of the philosopher of old, who went out with a lantern to find an honest man. At last I was directed to an ancient and imposing-looking mansion with a lofty gateway : passing through a handsome hall, I heard the voices of singing within, which proceeded from two lofty and spacious *salons* or drawing-rooms, where about two hundred people were gathered, and Mr. Newstead was in a neat little pulpit, placed just beside the entrance from one room to the other, so that all could hear well. There could not be a more vivid contrast between the people without and the people within, and Methodism, solitary and unhonoured, contending with the god of this world even in his best-loved resting-place, was an interesting and hallowed scene. The congregation were most of a highly respectable appearance, and as serious and attentive as in any part of Cornwall—chiefly English and Americans, with some French. Mr. Newstead preached a very good sermon ; he appears to be a clever man ; he told me they gave 4000 francs a year for the suite of rooms, which consist of five pieces—£160. You would have smiled at some parts of the array of the chapel ; in the first

room were four large mirrors, covering good part of the wall, each about eight feet high, and the lamp-light was reflected from them brilliantly : in the inner room there were three or four also. In this dwelling, and in one of the adjoining rooms, died Lafayette, about a year since, and was carried out of the same hall to be buried with a superb funeral : and in the suite of rooms overhead now reside Sir Sidney Smith and his daughter, who can most probably hear the singing of the company below. The society consists of fifty English and twenty-five French.

The weather has been lovely ever since our arrival. My wife feels the benefit of the dry and healthy air here ; we shall both return with a fresh stock of health and interesting recollections, and a yet deeper sense of your kindness, that has enabled us to enjoy so agreeable a journey. Our old friends have received us with the greatest kindness : a few are gone, cut off by the cholera or the hand of time ; among them, we feel that of the Count de Sailiant, one of the chamberlains of Napoleon, a delightful old man. We spent yesterday with Mr. Crowe, the French historian, and his family, in a sweet village, six miles from

Paris, and to-day with the Luscombes at their beautiful residence in the Champs Élysées; they are nearly broken-hearted; their only son and one of two daughters having died not long ago.

I trust that your health continues as well as when we left, and beg that you will write me in a few days—else how can I know anything of your welfare here? My wife unites with me in earnest remembrances. Please to remember me also to all the family below, to William and Mrs. C., and to Anna and Catherine.—I remain, dear Father, your affectionate Son,

JOHN CARNE.

PARIS, HOTEL DES COLONIES,

RUE RICHELIEU, 9th September.

LETTER XLV.

TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM CARNE, JUN.

From Killarney, 21st July 1837.

KILLARNEY, *Saturday.*

DEAR BROTHER,—Since leaving home we have enjoyed a delightful little tour—the weather for the first three weeks very rainy and cloudy, but since invariably fine. Of all climates I ever

knew, this is the most singularly rainy; the showers come down in an instant often without the least warning, or clouds overhead pour down for five or ten minutes, and then pass away to return ere long. It is frequently a complete game of good and bad weather, very fairly and drolly contested. This will find you perhaps in the Scilly Islands, or in St. Just, inhaling the fresh Atlantic breezes. I wish you were both with John in this neighbourhood; the air, etc. would soon bring him about, it is so very healthy and inspiring. We yesterday walked up the Manger-ton Mountain, one of the highest in Ireland—twelve miles altogether, and feel no fatigue this morning. You have no conception of the extreme loveliness of this region of Killarney, which has entirely gone beyond all our anticipations, and must be seen; for it cannot be justly or intelligibly described from its very remarkable and peculiar features. I am happy to say that it has had one good effect—to diminish so far the desire of Continental travelling, that many years shall elapse ere I ever cross the channel again to Calais. My wife is of the same opinion, so, where both are thus agreed, you may believe there is more

reality than fancy in the opinion, when such old travellers can cede the beauty and fame of the Alpine and Italian lakes to the Irish. Killarney actually beats them hollow in another quality, by no means, as poor Hogg used to say, to be sneezed at—cheapness. I never travelled, saving in Egypt, in so cheap a region, in my life. The bill at the inn at Cloghereene, a sweet and retired spot close to Muckross Abbey, is ridiculously cheap—incredibly so. The charges for boating, etc., on the lakes are extravagant. They cannot be seen without a boat for two days, which costs, with dinner and whisky to the boatman, 30s. a day, including 5s. to the bugleman. We intend to come again next year, and spend two months in the same quarters, and we hope that you will come, and spend, with Eliza and John, a few weeks with us. The fishing and shooting are excellent all round. You will all be delighted with the place, and the fine air will do more good than all the men of medicine could do. I trust to hear that John is improving fast by this time. Salmon is 4d. a pound here, fine fowls 1s. a couple, mutton 4d. a lb., eggs three a penny, whisky 1s. a bottle—not the stuff called by that name in England, but, as an Irishman

would say, 'the raale thing,' and this is a very fine and very cheap drink, mixed with water. All the gentlemen in the country drink it. The three first weeks of our Irish life were passed at the Crookes'; nothing could exceed their hospitality, or that of the neighbouring gentlemen, at whose houses we dined often. They are all landed proprietors, have handsome houses, and live in excellent style. Mrs. C., with Emma, is returned to Mr. Crooke's this morning, twenty-five miles from here, and I am just going off to Glengariff to spend a week there alone, as I wish to explore the region of that very beautiful bay or glen, or both together. It is, as an Irishman would say, a sea valley five or six miles deep, with an amphitheatre of lofty mountains wooded with all kinds of trees and shrubs to the water's edge, and dotted with islands. The little lonely inn is bathed by the waters. I shall return thence to pass a farewell week with our friends. I write this from the house of a literary Killarney lady—a poetess, whose house is beautifully situated on a slope looking on the lake. She is an authoress; has published sundry books; and has the most picturesquely situated study you can possibly imagine: lake

and mountain, grove and glen, all are before the window.

Give my love to Eliza and John. I wrote Joseph a week ago ; perhaps he is not yet returned to Penzance. Will you answer this soon, and address to R. B. Crooke's, Esq., Killinardrish, Cork, and please say if my letter to my brother was received by him or not, as I wish for an answer.—Believe me, yours affectionately,

JOHN CARNE.



SHIAN LODGE,
PENZANCE.

31 January 1886

Dear Sir

I have heard this morning that at last John Carnes' Letters have been sent to you.

I am extremely annoyed that this delay should have taken place, but I learn that the copy for you was so carefully put aside for you

that it was forgotten
altogether. I do hope
however that you have
now received it safely

truly yours

Ernest Larned Rof



J Dyke Campbell Esq

29 Albert Hall Terrace

Newington Park

London

John Wilson
Bookman 129 et seq

De Gennep 132 et seq
W W 138

Southey 136

STC 137

Sara 139

Hog 145

Scott 146

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P. J. Hope unpub version 149

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First

